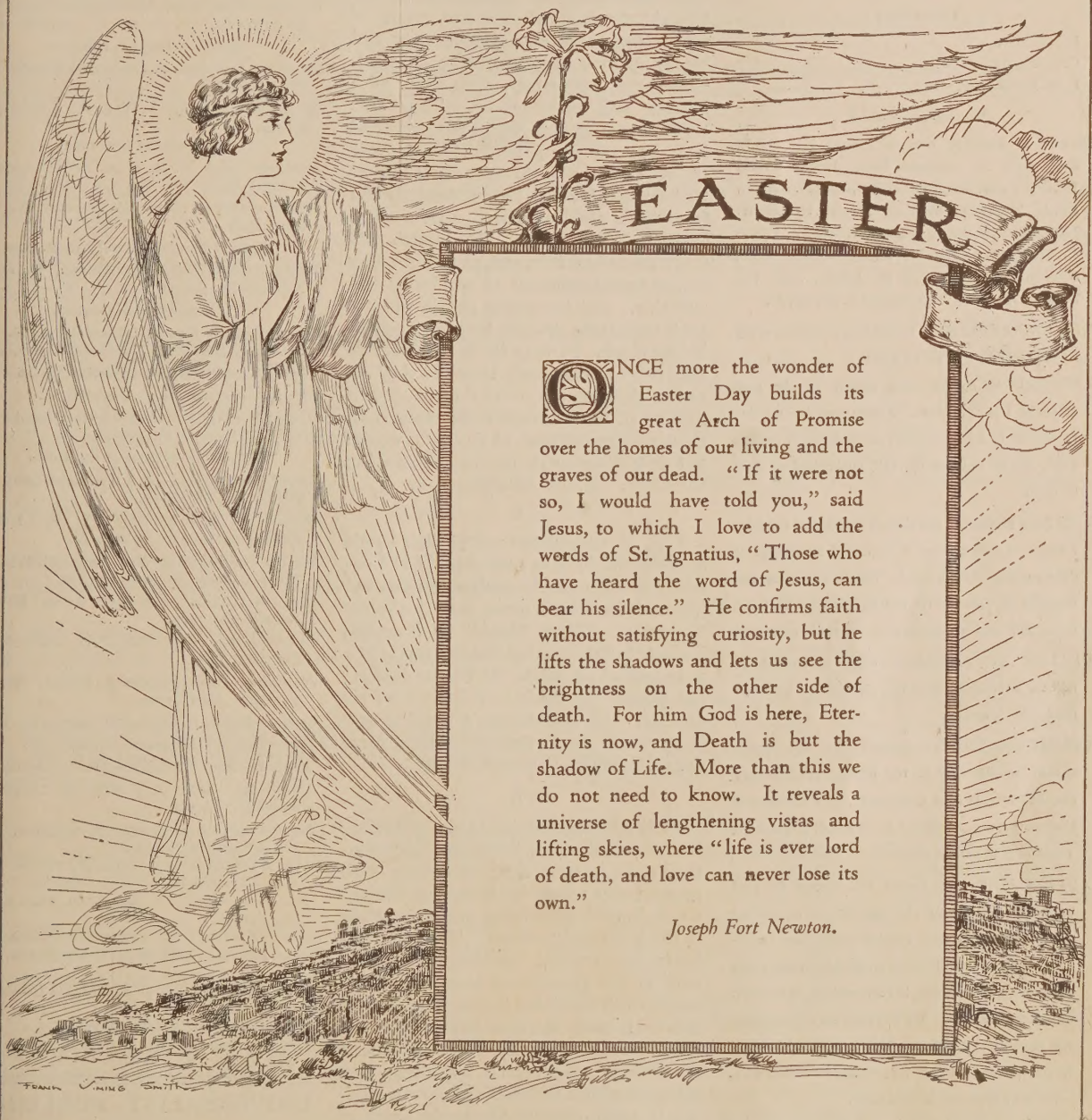
The Universalist Leader



ONCE more the wonder of Easter Day builds its great Arch of Promise over the homes of our living and the graves of our dead. "If it were not so, I would have told you," said Jesus, to which I love to add the words of St. Ignatius, "Those who have heard the word of Jesus, can bear his silence." He confirms faith without satisfying curiosity, but he lifts the shadows and lets us see the brightness on the other side of death. For him God is here, Eternity is now, and Death is but the shadow of Life. More than this we do not need to know. It reveals a universe of lengthening vistas and lifting skies, where "life is ever lord of death, and love can never lose its own."

Joseph Fort Newton.

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

Editor in Chief

Frederick A. Bisbee, D. D.

Office Staff

F. I. Adams.
C. R. Bullard.
L. W. MacDonald.

Contributing Staff

Herbert S. Bigelow, Eleanor Bisbee, Kenyon L. Butterfield, A. Gertrude Earle, Daniel Evans, Roger S. Galer, Frank Oliver Hall, Jesse H. Holmes, Edwin Markham, Fred A. Moore, Harold H. Niles, John E. Price, Willard C. Selleck, Edwin C. Sweetser, Joseph M. Tilden, Lyman Ward, Stephen S. Wise, Frank D. Adams, John van Schaick, Jr., Kirby Page, George F. Milton, Jr.

THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 3, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada. Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

COMMUNICATIONS intended for the paper should be addressed to the Editor, 176 Newbury St., Boston. If sent voluntarily, it is understood that no payment therefor is expected; payment is made only in case of previous and special contract.

ADVERTISING—*The Leader* will always be glad to receive advertising that will inform its readers where they can obtain reliable goods from reputable houses. It will invite advertising from those who may be able to supply real needs of its readers, but from no others. We feel sure our constituents will support this policy, which is adopted in their interest, even though it may conflict with our own. —*From an Editorial in the Leader.*

ADVERTISING RATES: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager
176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON
DORCHESTER AVE. AND 60TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

It was in Ibsen's day that the younger generation's knocking at the door sounded ominous. They are not knocking, now. They are taking the positions by storm. The old standards of right and wrong, of proper and improper, even of ugly and beautiful, they decline to take on trust. They have, apparently, done away with hearsay and make-believe. They ask: "How do you know? Have you ever tried it?" For any sympathetic elder, looking on, it is impossible to miss the evidence that reveals, beneath the recklessness and frivolity, a resolute search after reality. Well, it had to come. The search will mean many bad falls, and, as any one may see, a terrible amount of perplexity and suffering. But the young people will not be turned aside, though they may yet be helped along. Perhaps the best tribute we may hope to earn from them, as they set out on their journey, or as they bang their heads and hearts against the rock, is an acknowledgment that, at any rate, we did not lie to them or rig up any bogies along the track. (*S. K. Ratcliffe.*)

υ λ

A. S. M. Hutchinson and Sinclair Lewis are reported to have met recently in London, and each had to confess that he had not read the other's novel, says the *Boston Transcript.* "Main Street," be it noted, has sold in this country 250,000 copies in a year and a half, while "If Winter Comes" has passed the mark in a little over six months. Mr. Hutchinson's novel is now in process of dramatization by Basil Macdonald Hastings. (*Literary Digest.*)

υ λ

At the annual service of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, held at St. Martin-in-the-Fields, London, four resolutions were passed which reflect the increasing interest which English churchmen are manifesting in the industrial problem. The first resolution suggests that "by their own acceptance of the principle of democracy, employers may show that the Christian way of fellowship and sacrifice can become an actual factor in economic life." Addressed to investors, the second resolution asks them "to regard all wealth as a trust, striving to make investments in the spirit of service." Resolution three applies the same principles to employees which should govern the separate functions of capital and employer, and reaffirms the statement that "Labor has its duties no less than its rights." The fourth resolution begs the consumer to "inquire into the labor conditions involved in the production of goods for his use." (*Research Department, Commission on the Church and Social Service.*)

DENOMINATIONAL DIRECTORY

The General Convention

President—Mr. R. S. Galer, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa.
Chairman of Executive Committee—Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Tufts College, Mass.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Treasurer—Mr. J. B. Horton, 6 Park Square, Boston
Chairman of Murray Lectureship and of Denominational Literature—Rev. Frank O. Hall, D. D., 6 Mystic Valley Parkway, Winchester, Mass.

Women's National Missionary Association

President—Mrs. Ethel M. Allen, 317 Kelso Road Columbus, O.

Board of Foreign Missions

Chairman—Rev. Fred C. Leining, 38 Adelaide Ave., Providence, R. I.
Secretary—Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Universalist Comrades

President—Ralph W. E. Hunt, 25 Forest Avenue, Portland, Me.
Secretary—Fred C. Carr, 559 Cranston St., Providence, R. I.

General Sunday School Association

President—Rev. George E. Huntley, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Japan Mission Council

Chairman—Rev. Samuel Gilbert Ayres, D. D., 5 Shichome, Iidamachi, Kojimachi, Tokyo, Japan.

Young People's Christian Union

President—Charles Taylor, Maywood, Ill.
Director of Young People's Work—Rev. Stanley Manning, 176 Newbury St., Boston.

Superintendents of Churches

General Superintendent—Rev. John Smith Lowe, D. D., 176 Newbury St., Boston.
Western Superintendent—Rev. L. R. Robinson 6010 Dorchester Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Southern Superintendent—Rev. Francis Britton Bishop, 1118 S. Court St., Montgomery, Ala.
Southwest Superintendent—Rev. James Houghton Junction City, Kan.
California—Rev. C. E. Nash, D. D., 1363 S. Alvarado St., Los Angeles.
Connecticut—Rev. Theodore A. Fischer, 409 Edgewood Ave., New Haven.
Georgia—Rev. A. G. Strain, 332 Simpson St., Atlanta
Iowa—Rev. O. G. Colegrove, Mitchellville.
Kentucky—Rev. Thomas Chapman, Hopkinsville.
Maine—Rev. Milo G. Folsom, 43 Lincoln Ave. Gardiner. (Acting.)
Massachusetts—Rev. George E. Leighton, D. D. 176 Newbury St., Boston.
New Hampshire—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt. (Acting.)
New Jersey—Rev. H. R. Rose, D. D., 815 S. Eleventh St., Newark.
New York—Rev. G. D. Walker, D. D., Carthage.
Ohio—Rev. I. V. Lobdell, 256 Orchard Lane, Columbus.
Rhode Island—Rev. R. R. Hadley, 145 Chester Ave., Providence.
Texas—Rev. R. L. Brooks, Elgin.
Vermont and Quebec—Rev. George F. Fortier, Morrisville, Vt.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Is a missionary agency of the Universalist Church.

All its resources are at the service of our Church and its faith.

Its opportunities for service are far greater than its resources.

It needs additional funds for missionary publications.

It needs endowed subscriptions for college and public libraries.

It will receive annuity funds paying interest to the donor for life.

THE Universalist Leader

wo Dollars a Year 104th Year { New Series } Vol. XXV No. 14

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, sus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

He who would teach Easter must know not *about* aster, but Easter.

* *

Just be glad with the gladness of the sunshine and ıe glory of the spring.

* *

We shall not need a letter of introduction when 'e go home to our Father's House.

* *

A time of resurrection for people and churches nd nations need not await a fixed date.

* *

The entire Christian Church without regard to ame becomes quite Christian on Easter Sunday.

* *

After nineteen centuries we are just beginning to ıake the Easter thought a part of the program of life.

* *

It will not be selfish if you think Easter into your wn soul until it is so full it overflows in blessings to thers.

* *

Through the windows of Easter we may look cross the uplands and valleys of life to the sunlit ıeights of heaven.

* *

We can never get away from the fact of death, ıor should we want to—nor shall we want to when it s interpreted in terms of life.

* *

There is some one in the congregation to-day who ıas come up out of the valley of the shadow seeking ight and hope, and Easter hath both.

* *

If your heart is glad at Easter send a greeting to a friend, or to some one in the shadow; if your heart s sad at Easter, listen, and God will speak to you.

* *

There is a dynamic in group movements; that is why it is well to center our thought at Easter upon the rising of our people into the fellowship of the church.

* *

Encourage the children to come to church on Easter Sunday. They are so much nearer the resurrection than we are, it may be that they can lead us where the wise and prudent know not the way.

* *

It is a mistake not to take advantage of the current when it sets strong in our direction. All the world thinks Easter at Easter—many foolishly, some wisely, all yearningly. He who does not use the current when it serves, must not complain if he make little progress.

* *

We Die to Live

The greatest hours in human experience have been those in which men, standing by the open graves of their nearest and dearest, learned to look up and not down. Here, in anguish of spirit and travail of soul, the earth man has been born and reborn a living spirit. God created man to be immortal, therefore we die.

"If the Dead Rise Not"

"A certain amount of fleas is good for a dog," said David Harum. "It keeps him from brooding on being a dog." If not merely our bodies, but our long conflicts with our lower selves, our Wilderness days and Gethsemane nights, are dust, then let us eat, drink and be merry and try to forget that to-morrow we die. In such a world, to be always drunken or drugged would be wisdom, and the born idiot would be envied of all thinking men.

The Miracle of Spring

Easter, because we derive part of our being from the earth, means to us a gladness that we have lived through the winter and can once more see the earth enter upon her miracle of the spring. The warmer air, the longer daylight, the songs of birds, the spring odors, the soil turned for seed sowing, fill us with thankfulness and reverence, and we wish we knew the whole story of the crocus smiling up at us from beside the doorstep.

A Finer Miracle

Easter, because we derive another part of our being from what is a finer miracle than earth's springtime, means to us a gladness that new evidences come to us from year to year that we are to live always. We sense an eternal law and order, love and life, stretching onward infinitely, under which we are to continue to work, and as the Easter season comes again we would salute every man as an Immortal traveling already the Way Eternal, and wish, on Easter Day, that every one may be as strong and cheery in his faith as were those Immortals who while they walked

the ways temporal bore brave witness to the Way Eternal.

Gethsemane

We have exaggerated Calvary—in part because the old paganisms of blood sacrifice have claimed it and perverted it, in part because we always exaggerate merely physical suffering. To die is appointed to all men, and multitudes have found a longer and harder way than that of the Cross. But Gethsemane! After that, Calvary may well have seemed release. The long answer to life must be found there or nowhere. Unless the decision made there carried forward to eternal fruition, Jesus did not pray to the Father, but to the most mocking and triumphant of devils.

The Easter Answer

Easter is the answer to a heart cry that is as old as the race. Rachel weeping for her children and not comforted, David moaning, "My son, my son, would I had died for thee," are ageless symbols. To believe that Jesus rose from the dead, and believe that only, is futile. To say in your own soul, "He is risen," and because of that to be sure that those dearer than self are risen also, is to have pasesd from death into life.

* *

AN EASTER RHAPSODY

EASTER is a state of mind and heart rather than a date in the ecclesiastical calendar. Easter to one type of mind is burial, to another it is resurrection. The Easter of one year may be like the northern springtime coming with tears of refreshment; the Easter of another year may be brilliant with the sunshine and buoyant with life. But everywhere and all the time and to everybody there is Easter for the responsive.

The little child playing with the colored egg little realizes that he holds in his small fingers one of the elemental truths of the ages. The girl with the new hat illuminating her face knows not that she is adorning herself with the one supreme hope of humanity. The merchant filling his window with choice Easter display, and already counting his gains, does not know of the temple of God he may be desecrating or adorning. The music of the choir, which has the lilt of the springtime and the melody of the bird, is but echoed from the heavenly choirs. And the minister when he preaches his Easter sermon oft fails to realize that it is his opportunity to give anew to the world the Risen Christ, not in a theological sense, not in a speculative sense, but, having put himself in tune with the truth, to proclaim anew the everlasting law of renewal in everything from the fragrant lily of the valley to the precious soul of man.

There is nothing so inappropriate, so futile, and so utterly foolish as argument at Easter. The truth of Easter is one of those primary truths we know without knowing how we know—or we do not know it at all. It is so big we can not confine it even in the most beautiful word-castles; it is so beautiful no artist can reproduce it. It can not be confined; it can not be defined. It is hidden by the "proof" of the savant, and revealed in the experience of the heart of a child. It is spontaneous rather than deliberate. We know it when we stop trying to know so much about it, and just know it.

The immutability of the Easter truth is shown in its power to withstand the efforts of man to establish its immortal glory on mortal foundations; nothing but the divinely indestructible could endure the destructive forces of man, trying to create out of the fragments of his own mentality something which God has already finished.

There are vast realms of undiscovered truth in the regions of Easter thinking, and they tempt the exploring mind, but to know Easter we need to forget all these and just take the Easter spirit into the heart, and know Easter because we experience Easter, as you know love in its highest and holiest incarnations. The child does not want to listen to reasons why, nor methods how to love its mother. It just loves. That is all. And it is enough. And so it is with our child-hearts when softened by tears and warmed by smiling hope. They look through the rainbowed tears to see the invisible, and know the unknowable And behold, there is no death, only life and light and God.

* *

THE EASTER FAITH

THE two great days in the Christian year are Christmas and Easter. The Christian Church through all the centuries has celebrated these festivals of faith, and in these later years all the Protestant Churches are doing the same. Christmas is the festival of faith in respect to the significance of the life of Christ born into this world, as a disclosure of God, the realization of human nature and the redemptive power for man's salvation. It is a joyous day, and the angels' song thrills our hearts and the hearts of all children.

The Easter day is the festival of faith in respect to the entrance of Christ into the eternal world, the conviction that he lives forevermore, that his death has not meant the dissolution of his body and soul, and that he rises to the spiritual heights in the eternal order. The Christian Church has ever cherished this great faith and immortal hope. It has believed in the conservation of the best soul of humanity. It is a joyous day and the angel's message is good news for all mature, bereft and reflective persons. The significance of this Easter faith is transcendent in its greatness. It means that the best soul of the race is not in the grip of death. There was something in him that death could not touch. He lived and moved and had his being in God while here on the earth in time, and so he stepped into the eternal order as into the other room in God's House. The universe holds within it the living Christ. What a vast difference this makes! The universe is not the grave of such a soul, but his eternal home. A universe with a dead Christ would be literally a Christless universe. A universe with the living Christ in it is a Christlike universe. And thus we can cherish the faith in the immortal life of every soul, the triumph of all great causes and the saving care of God in whose hands are all souls.

The power of this Easter faith in the lives of the early Christians was tremendous. It brought about a spiritual resurrection in their lives. They arose from doubt to faith, from despair to confidence, from

the decision to return to their old occupations to the new and now independent vocation of bringing in the Kingdom of God, from fear or shrinking at the prospect of death to courage and radiant expectancy of the life beyond death, from impotence in the face of the world to masterful action and triumphant work. It was a new and mighty change that came over them, and it had much to do in making Christianity triumph in the world. The passionless Gibbon could see the significance and power of this enthusiastic Easter faith.

Many changes have taken place in the world since those early Christian days, but the need for this Easter faith remains the same. There are persons in our homes and parishes who have been led out from green pastures into the valley of the shadow of death, who sorely need the word of comfort and solace for their stricken hearts, and great is the privilege to bring them this message of hope. There are men and women who are eager in their pursuit of the higher values of life who greatly need the assurance that these values are permanent and transportable. And there are those who sit in darkness, whose vision sees no bright light, nor beckoning hand, and who are oppressed with the sense of shuddering terror at the speedy prospect that their consciousness will soon perish with the dissolution of their bodies, their minds be no more after the moment of death, that all they have and are will utterly and absolutely cease to be as far as their personalities are concerned. Men like Spencer and Huxley had this tragic sense of death. If we can bring such souls the Easter Faith we will do them incomparable service.

We especially have a great advantage. We have the message of a greater faith and a larger hope than most other Churches. We have dared to believe in the deathless love of God who will forever pursue the soul for its salvation, and in the recoverability of every man so that there shall be not one lost soul at last.

* *

MY BEST EASTER SERMON

It was never printed; it could not be. It was born of necessity, and was more or less incoherent. It would probably give the professor of homiletics a sad shock, and a great many of the congregation thought it visionary, it may be childish. But there it stands in memory, the best sermon I ever preached.

It was Easter Sunday morning, and with my sermon manuscript in my pocket, and a proud consciousness in my head that it was pretty good, I walked out in the fields to win into my heart a bit of the spring atmosphere. The fields were just beginning to be warmed into life by the caressing sunshine; a bird was welcoming me with a song, which untold generations of birds had sung, but which was new. Here and there a soft green thing with miraculous power was slowly rolling away the stone from its sepulcher, and then I came across a little woman who was sitting on a mossy rock softly crooning to herself, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I knew her. She was blind, was born blind, and had lived all her life in a darkness which she had glorified with a fine character and a heavenly disposition, and to her I had always gone when with my telescopic and microscopic eyes I wanted really to see the realities. For she could see, and I was blind.

I approached her and spoke, and my speaking was a spontaneous prayer, for I said, "The glory of Easter be upon you, happy child of God." And she replied, "Your prayer is answered as you pray; I who was blind do now see as I never expected to see." I looked into her sightless eyes, but saw no gleam even of hope, and I sought her meaning: "Has the light of the morning sun penetrated your darkness, is the earth disclosing its beauties and are the heavens revealing their glory? Can you see this new violet I have just picked beside your rock?"

"No, no," she replied, "you do not understand; seeing *things* is only the beginning of seeing. To-day I have seen truth, and I fancy it is easier for me, who am blind, to see it than for those who have eyes, but see not. All through my life I have prayed and hoped that I might see things sometime before I died, so as to carry their memory with me, but this morning it has been revealed to me, as I arose out of myself, and was freed into the atmosphere of God, where lights and measurements are different, that I had everything in the universe of space and the eternity of time and the illimitableness of love. It is not with eyes that we see that which is most worth the seeing. There, I know you do not understand, you can not understand, for you are blinded by the things you see, while I have risen this Easter morning into a bigger world than you can ever measure. By the way, pastor, what are you going to preach for an Easter sermon?"

I was a little ashamed, and yet a bit proud, as I replied: "I think I have discovered a theory of the resurrection which will stand scientific investigation, and I have worked it out for my congregation."

Then she laughed, and laughed whole-heartedly, and her laughter was like the gurgling of the near-by brook, but her face wore a look of rare sweetness as she said: "You are more foolish than I thought. What do you suppose those tired hearts and yearning loves care about your theories? They are hungry for the resurrection which will feed and refresh their souls, and have you nothing to feed them save a recipe? They want bread, ready to eat. You should do your cooking in your study and not in your pulpit! Have you your sermon with you?" I said I had. "Do you happen to have a match?" Strangely enough I had, and then she said with great earnestness, "Won't you please light the match, and with that light the manuscript of your sermon and let it burn near enough to my poor blind eyes that I may physically feel if I do not physically see the conflagration of a man's pitiful effort to prop up God?" And then she laughed softly again.

I did as she told me. I watched in silence the burning of my supreme effort; she felt in silence the burning, and then she said: "Now, pastor, go and preach Easter, not *about* Easter, but Easter; feed those hungry hearts with good bread and reserve your theories for the class room and the ministers' meeting."

And I went, and because Easter was revealed to me, by one who was born blind, I preached the best sermon of my life, for I just told over the story of the morning.

The Exaggeration of Death

A Sermon for Easter

The Rev. Richard Roberts, D. D

THE Christian view of death is that it is a mere incident, an occasion that comes on the way. It is not a terminal but a junction, a place at which we change cars. William Blake would have told you that it was no more than an affair of going from one room to another in the same house. That is precisely the incidental character which death wears in the Christian scheme. And in the measure that we allow ourselves to suppose that our dear dead are lost to us we have departed from the Gospel and are denying the faith.

But all this raises questions that are full of perplexity. And I suppose that there are no questions which move men's minds more profoundly to-day than do these. The present vogue of spiritualism is the evidence of the inveterate curiosity of the human spirit concerning the ultimate destiny of the individual; and the great concourses of people that gathered to listen to expositors of the doctrine of human survival like Sir Oliver Lodge prove how deeply and acutely this curiosity has been stimulated by the mortality of the war.

I do not propose to discuss the aspect of the question which is receiving particular attention at the moment—namely, that of the possibility of communication with the spirit of the dead—except to say that I am unconvinced. On general grounds I do not see that any believer in immortality can logically deny that the dead may communicate with the living. But I do not as yet see enough reason to believe that they do. And so far as I have seen the evidence, I am not aware of any recorded phenomenon that can not be explained in ways other than of postulating communication with the dead. There are undoubtedly mysterious forces and affinities in the human spirit, depths in personality that have not yet been sounded, powers that we are as yet only dimly aware of, and until we are better acquainted with this hidden region within ourselves I think it somewhat premature to affirm that the records of psychical research justify a belief in the actuality of communication with the dead. My own attitude is one of respectful skepticism, and so for the present it must remain. And indeed this is the attitude that I feel I have to take up more and more to many things. As I grow older I find life becoming more, rather than less, full of mystery, and I am getting nearer the mood of Tennyson, when he sang in "In Memoriam,"

> Behold, we know not anything,
> But yet we trust that good will fall
> At last far off, at last to all,
> And every winter change to spring.

Upon the general question of immortality, however, I take a more positive attitude. But I confess that I do not find in myself any intimations of immortality. I have, that is, no intuitive assurance of it. My faith in immortality rests upon a reasoned presumption of its truth. I can not make sense of the world in which I live without believing in immortality. I have an occasional craving for it, and though I share this with most people I do not think that in itself it adds a great deal to my conviction of its truth.

It is because I think that the conviction of immortality is essential to a completely rational and practical view of the universe that I believe in it. The universe as I see it is incomplete, and the working of its processes leaves so many loose ends that, if I am to believe in its sanity and its fundamental equity, I must believe that there is beyond our sight some provision for binding the broken arcs into the perfect round, for gathering the loose ends up and weaving them into a finished fabric. If this be not so, I see no escape from the conclusion that life itself is a fraud devoid of meaning and worthless in content. We are no better than sports of nature, that are fashioned only to be discarded after whatever powers that be have had their fun with us. I must believe in immortality if I am to take myself and the world I live in seriously.

Mr. H. G. Wells says somewhere that the desire for immortality is merely an instinct of selfishness. This has a superficial appearance of truth until you begin to analyze it. First of all it is to be observed that the passion for liberty and a good many other things may in this way be only a kind of selfishness. But it is all the same a very peculiar kind of selfishness. This is indeed the only known selfishness which does not necessarily make any one else poorer. It is true that undue preoccupation with the hope of immortality may lead some people to render less service to their brethren in this life than may be reasonably expected of them. But this is true of every human interest. We may become selfish even in our very preoccupation with philanthropy and social reform. But it has to be added that the craving for immortality is, so far as I have observed it, in nine cases out of ten a desire to be assured of the immortality of some one beside ourselves. Who can doubt that the eagerness of the people who trooped to hear Sir Oliver Lodge was due to the craving for some assurance that their beloved dead are still alive? We do not, I think, need to take Mr. Wells' strictures on the craving for immortality seriously, any more seriously than many of the other preachments of that too facile philosopher. The desire for immortality is at the acutest simply a passion to cling to the sense of one's own individuality through everything. And that I think is the worst that can be said of it.

I sometimes wonder whether indeed in the last analysis the craving for immortality is not the final term of the craving for liberty. Unless I greatly misread the history of mankind, the craving for freedom has been the great driving force of the vast spiritual energy that man has spent in the making of his history. Mankind has been continuously urged forward by the desire for an enlarging life. He has been steadily pushing out the frontiers of his empire in order to

make room for life to expand. Physically, intellectually and spiritually he has spent himself in the search for space. And still he is bound. And on this earth he will to the end be bound by two circumstances that are beyond his power to remove or to destroy. These are time and space. We are in a hundred ways unceasingly engaged in trying to circumvent these limitations. Modern invention is simply the story of our human endeavor to annihilate time and distance from the business of life. The telephone, the automobile, and electric traction are all a part of a campaign to deliver ourselves from the bondage of the double fetter of "miles per hour." We have indeed done well, but we are still very far from reaching the point of being able to be in more than one place at the same time. We still have to live by the clock.

And may not the craving for immortality be at bottom just the desire to get rid of these persistent restrictions and to gain that condition of life in which we shall be bound by none of these limitations that are inevitable in a world of time and place? This at least is a fair speculation; and it must anyhow be surely true that the after-life must be the life of ultimate freedom.

But at bottom I think that the craving for immortality is bound up with a sense of the indestructibility of life. And while this is in its origin intuitive, it has received very strong reinforcement from what science has told us of the triumphant struggle of life in the course of its upward evolution. The tendency in scientific thought in our time is away from the earlier view that the forms of life have been determined by the need of adaptation to a fixed and unyielding environment. The vision that the modern scientist sees is not that of life being subdued by matter, but rather of life carrying on an unending campaign against matter; and instead of making the best of things under conditions that are incapable of being changed, life is forever over-leaping these conditions and breaking out into new forms and ever more elaborate forms—until at last it has evolved this complex and nearly omnipotent thing that we call personality, which, so far from being subdued by matter, is busily engaged in subduing matter to itself. It has from the beginning been a campaign in which life has slowly been pressing the empire of matter back and enlarging its own frontiers; and the question that remains is whether at last after these triumphs and this tremendous achievement that we call personality, life is going to be defeated by matter, and this triumphant life is going to be snuffed out meanly because the racket of time proves too strong for the material envelope in which personality is for the moment clad. Personally I find this thought unthinkable. If this universe is something more than a meaningless sport, I can not believe that the last word of life is going to be silenced thus contemptibly. The walls of the house may decay, but I believe that the tenant lives, being provided with another dwelling-place, the specifications of which are not yet known to us.

And I believe that this was the real point of what Paul felt about the resurrection of Jesus. There was a real and symbolical completeness about the death of Jesus which seemed to suggest that here, at least, was an irrevocable end. He died in public, and, to make the fact of death doubly sure, his side was pierced. His body was taken from the Cross and embalmed by faithful friends; he was put in a grave. The grave was secured by a great stone, and sealed and guarded. Every safeguard that could be devised to stress the finality of the incident was used. And yet on the morning of the third day Jesus rose from the dead. The power of life had been proved to be mightier than death and the grave, mightier than the decrees of nature and the devices of unspiritual men. Life was triumphant, and the grave, which had been the sacrament of despair, became the sacrament of a larger hope. And Death, which had been to men the symbol of darkness, became the symbol of the light that never fails.

Life, Paul saw, was greater than matter, greater than death, and the cruel mystery of life was once for all interpreted. And it was in the elation of a man who had seen a great transfiguring light that he rang out his defiant challenge to the old hoary mysteries—O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? And neither death nor the grave had an answer to return, for death itself had died, and the empty grave in Joseph's garden had emptied every other grave in the world.

On one of the rubbish heaps that have lain hidden for centuries beneath the sands of the Egyptian desert, a good many old letters have been discovered in recent years. These go far back of the Christian era, and among them has been found a letter sent by one friend to another to condole with him on the death of his child. It was just such a letter as you or I might have written to a friend in the like circumstances, showing how unchanging are the essential human emotions. But it stops just there. The words with which the letter ends are these, "But against these things we can do nothing." There you are, he says, it can not be helped, and there's no more to be said about it. And that inevitably was the pagan view. Death was a darkness which let in no beam of light, a brute fact against which there was no appeal or argument.

But the difference that the Gospel has made is to turn death into a transparency. We can see through it, and what we see or what at least we ought to see through it is the light that never fails. Death is no longer a black unlighted tragedy. It is the great emancipation, the door of perfect light and perfect liberty. It is the lifting of the curtain on the last triumphant act of life.

At least, so it ought to be to us. And it commonly is not, because we are so little spiritual. Our thinking and feeling move too exclusively within the universe of the visible and the tangible, the things of sense, for us to realize as we should the incidental character of death. And Death will still have its sting, and the grave will still seem to have its victory, until we Christians have learned to live more steadily where after all we really belong—in that world which Jesus calls his Father's house and which is here and now, the world of spiritual reality which is a foretaste of the world of boundless life beyond the veil of sense. It is only through the spiritualizing of life that we shall be fully delivered from the shadow of death.

Enaer

Holy Women at the Tomb

Holy Women at the Tomb: Ender*

Albert E. Bailey

MOLDE is a city of fishermen, lying almost under the Arctic Circle. The writer remembers a quiet Sunday spent there some years ago—the gray skies, the leaden ord opening out to the Arctic Sea, the violet mounains to the south, and to the east the jagged peaks of ne "Troldtinder" above the Romsdal. He remembers the morning walk up the sloping streets among ne wooden houses; and although much of the detail f Molde has faded from memory, he still carries with inute distinctness this glowing picture within the ttle wooden church. We sat long before it, surprised nd delighted to find here in this remote corner of ne world so sincere and beautiful an Easter message, nd withal so Norwegian. It is a fragment of the ospel with which Olaf smote the warlocks of Eyvind alda and the berserks of Raud the Strong. It is ne "Peace-cry" that drowned the blows of the hammer f Thor and conquered the Norseland for Christ.

We are within the great cave of the sepulcher. wo Marys and Salome have come to anoint the body f Christ, but to their amazement they find the body one and a young man in white apparel sitting by the mpty grave.

The color effects are wonderfully fine. The ear woman has an undergarment of light salmon lk with a woolen over-robe of terra-cotta. Mary ne Virgin, in the center, has a cotton dress of dark lue with a woolen head-cloth of straw color. The oman just entering has a skirt of terra-cotta, an upper arment of blue and a straw-colored head-dress. he angel is pure white, with the loveliest golden hair nd a face as Norwegian as it is strong and fine. The ght of dawn streams through the archlike entrance, ut the shadows in the rear of the cave still form the olid background for the brilliance of the angel. It striking, rich.

Ender has painted these women with great force nd truthfulness. They are barefooted, like peasant omen the world over; they are strong creatures, longmbed, and the two nearer ones at least have untutored ces that show the class to which they belong. And e how genuine they are in their emotions: the Magalen, half bold and half afraid, Mary astonished but ager to hear the message, Salome still busy with her orrow and unaware of the angel's presence. And the ne of the three faces leads you down gently but surely om the sorrow of Salome to the heart of the Resurection message: "Till you find the deathless angel eated in the vacant tomb." And on the lips of this eathless angel is the one immortal truth which all the gends of the Forty Days vainly try to enhance, "He not here, he is risen!" This is the great light that ghtens every tomb, that flames with celestial radiance against the background of our deepest sorrow: "Christ is risen!" and because he lives, our Elder Brother, we shall live also.

The joy of this truth finds beautiful expression in an old Greek hymn by John of Damascus of the eighth century, written in the monastery of Mar Saba in the desolate canyon of the Kedron above the Dead Sea. Here is the second stanza:

> ""Tis the spring of souls to-day:
> Christ hath burst his prison,
> From the frost and gloom of death
> Light and life have risen.
> All the winter of our sins,
> Long and dark, is flying,
> From His light to whom we give
> Thanks and praise undying."

Now transplant this nature-figure to Norway. Let the "winter of our sins" be that long Arctic night unbroken except by the stars of hope. Then let the Easter-tide arrive! Then they who live in Molde see the unconquered sun burst from underground and day by day mount the heavens till in the light of its perpetual radiance the ice dissolves from the fjords and the flowers spring up again in glad resurrection. Easter-time means to the Northland the world's rebirth.

No wonder, then, that the Norwegian Ender chose the Resurrection for his theme; it is his Nature-saga and his Christian message in one.

From "The Gospel in Art," published and copyrighted, The Pilgrim Press. Used by permission.

*Axel Kjalmar Ender was born in Christiania, Norway, in 853. His most popular work is "Holy Women at the Tomb," ne original of which is an altar-piece in the church at Molde. hile Ender has studied in Munich and spent considerable time Paris, he lives mostly at Christiania, and his paintings deal rgely with the everyday life of the people of his country.

An Easter Prayer

W. P. F. Ferguson

"If Christ rose not"—the Doctors, calm and sure,
Speak from the fortress of the Book and Creed—
"If Christ rose not, then we were lost indeed;
His life a mock and all His words a lure
To death and darkness, endless to endure.
Did He not rise, we follow not His lead
Nor own Him Lord. Imperative our need
That He be what and all of what our pure
And perfect tenets hold." But I,
Outside, before a rock-hewn grave,
Forget the Creed, remember only Him.
"Living or dead," from deepest soul I cry,
"Throned God or age-dead Man, I crave
Only to find Thy path, be clear, be dim!"

What Does Easter Mean to Me?

A Symposium

A NEW STIMULUS

WHEN I try to answer the question, I make the discovery that the day does not mean what it once did. Orthodoxy so nearly "did her perfect work" with me, from the time when I was first considered old enough to "say" the Catechism, that for many years the literal truth of the story of the resurrection appeared to me to be the one vital point of Christian faith. If Christ rose not, I believed with Paul, nothing matters; there is no future life; there is nothing to live for and nothing to hope for and no use of working for anything.

As a result of this, with every recurring Easter season, I sent all hands of my mind and soul to stations, like a ship's captain making a dangerous passage, to work over again the problems presented by the Gospel stories and Paul's argument, and again convince myself that Christ arose from the dead.

Sometimes I succeeded splendidly. I can remember the day when I alarmed the house shouting Paul's triumphant: "*Katepothe ho thanatos eis nikos. Pou sou, thanate, to nikos? Pou sou, thanate, to kentron?*" There were other days when the argument went against me and I went to the Easter service, with its anthems and its Lord's table, in an agony of anxiety, lest our preaching and our faith be vain.

To-day all that bothers me not in the slightest. Not that I am telling you that I have come to believe that Christ did not rise from the dead; I have come to know that that is not the vital point of either Christian faith or Christian life. Jesus is not what he is to me and to the world because he rose from the dead; granting that he did rise, he rose because of what he is. Risen or not risen, it is his sweep of mind and soul, his grasp of life, his attitude toward God and man, that make him the deathless Master.

Easter Day now means to me a new stimulus to seek after likeness to him; to attain his viewpoint of life; to grasp truth with his vision; to find his footprints through the maze of living and follow them; to get something of his sublime confidence in the lasting and overcoming power of Truth and God, something of his far-reaching vision into the endless future and of his sure faith in the ultimate victory of the Good over all things.

William P. F. Ferguson.

* *

LIFE AND IMMORTALITY

I CAN not remember the time when the Easter morning did not find a song of triumphant gladness in my heart and a grateful prayer upon my lips in thanksgiving for the goodness of the great God in revealing to the world, through the risen Christ, life and immortality for all men.

Jesus walked and talked with his intimates, his chosen apostles, a great company of people, everywhere showing himself alive, interested in all their affairs, and concerning himself most with defining the commission laid upon the apostles to preach and teach in his name that the kingdom of heaven might be realized in the lives of all who should come after them.

Easter morning brings to me a joyful emphasis of the fact that those I have known and loved and "lost awhile" are alive forevermore; that the freedom of the Spirit which is theirs is for me also, and that together we shall dwell in eternity in the conscious presence of God, without let or hindrance of time and sense.

As the spring brings new gladness in its prophecy of fragrance and beauty, so Easter morning brings new cheer, new resolution, new courage, and our promise of more loving and intelligent service of the risen Christ whom we call Saviour and Master.

O holy calm! O blessed peace!
  This happy Easter morning brings,
To doubting minds, a glad release.
  New faith in ev'ry heart upsprings,
A solemn joy pervades the day,
  Bright hope is kindled in each breast,
Pain, grief and fear are cast away,
  The soul in Jesus is at rest.

Grace F. White.

* *

A GARDEN

EASTER means a garden—a garden at early dawn; a pale moon fading in the west as the eastern sky grows bright, and in the stillness "Jesus standing," familiar yet glorified, with Mary of Magdala, amazed but rejoicing, at his feet. On his convent-wall, in ethereal colors, Fra Angelico paints the Risen Christ as a heavenly gardener. Celestial flowers blossom about him, he carries a hoe upon his shoulder as sign of his calling, a halo of light touches the fair, flowing hair, and the brown eyes are unspeakably kind and tender.

A slight incident, one thinks, upon which to rest a world's belief in immortality, a passing moment in a gentle life, a story told and retold in some old gospels, to many minds a myth, a legend gray with time. But human love is no myth. The age-old longing of the race for life beyond the grave is fact, not legend. If anything is true, the immortality of lofty deeds is true, the ennobling companionship of vanished lives is true, the music of the "choir invisible." And all these things are there in that scene in the garden. The radiant Presence is but the flowering of these hopes and longings, as the lily in its radiant purity is but the aspiring of root and stem made visible.

Our hearts are rooted in this common hope of more beyond. We live our every day in the light of its promise—dim sometimes and far away—but when Easter comes we step into the garden, feel anew the light about us and know it true. Deeper than scientific proof, more real than historic fact, is this certainty of the soul!

From the authors of the "Unseen Universe," John Fiske, a strong teacher of a day just past, quotes this word of assurance: "He will not 'put us to permanent intellectual confusion.' " A Teacher of an older day, in simpler words, says, "If it were not so, I would have told you."

For me the Garden seems very near this Easter since one whom I love has just stepped across into its peace and gladness—she who so loved a garden here! No mere change of worlds can change her lifelong love for me, staunch and loyal and beautiful. The gardener calls her by the same name that he spoke so long ago in that garden outside Jerusalem, and in the kind brown eyes she sees the same love and tenderness.

Maria L. Drew.

* *

THE CENTRAL FACT OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION

THE *Leader* is not big enough to tell what Easter means to me, or what it means to most people. Like a happy marriage, it never has been and never will be adequately described in words.

If it means anything, Easter means the biggest day of the year, the biggest day of every year. It means not only the hope, but the confident expectation of people who have lived long enough and seen and heard enough to realize there is nothing else in the future so big as Easter.

Easter is the comfort of a man whose efforts do not succeed. It is the only solace for the woman who sees her children taken from her. It is the comfort of all who fail. It is the one triumph to which every person can attain, and it is a holiday that lasts all the year round.

The Catholics have us beaten to a standstill on the Easter proposition. We Protestants are often opinionated, and too fond of arguing unimportant differences. Why can't we take Easter as the central fact of the Christian religion, consider it more lovingly, digest it more thoroughly, and incorporate it more effectively into our everyday lives? Then will the Kingdom *come!*

I have lived long and seen much, and Easter is the only universal answer I have found for every question. The Universalist Church is, and of right ought to be, an Easter Church.

James S. Stevens.

* *

THE LESSON OF THE SPRINGTIME

WHAT Easter means to me can best be explained, not by any theological arguments or logic, but by learning the lesson of the springtime. You all know how it is —one morning we awake to find the robin, bluebird and song sparrow here with us. They have traveled back over the trackless course of the air to the old familiar haunts in our orchards and woodlands of the Northland. We are glad to welcome them because it means the coming of spring after the cold winter. I never cease to wonder at that sure instinct which guides them across seas and continents to their old haunts again. The call sounds and they follow. Easter means this to me: Just as the birds know that some morning they will arrive in the old familiar fields, there to build their nests and sing their love-songs, so I know that we are all on a journey in obedience to a call within our soul. We can no more fail to arrive at our goal somewhere beyond the years than the springtime can fail to appear. With Browning, "I see my way as birds their trackless way. I shall arrive!" I do not think it is a matter of chance, for if we trust our own soul, its dictates, answer the call, it can never fail to lead us home. We have this wonderful outlook, the joy of going on, broader views, greater faiths, more wonderful companionships, and great challenging tasks to perform. All this on the journey, and then the arrival, the greetings, the loved ones—those whose souls have found the springtime, the old familiar faces and the homeland. This is what Easter means to me, for "He guides me and the birds. In His good time!"

Alfred S. Cole.

* *

UNITY IN LIFE

EASTER means to me the feast of Unity in life. Easter is the time of renewal in nature, when "every clod feels a stir of might," when primitive folk, not knowing why, have been impelled to celebrate the victory of the best they dreamed over the powers of darkness, cold, evil, death. In the glad festival of nature worship, in the solemn thanksgiving of the bitter herb and paschal cup, in sad humanity's relief at the open tomb and hope of immortal flesh in heavenly places, in faith that our Father draws His children by diverse ways out of the life of earth into His own eternal spiritual life, in all man's groping after the triumph of Good, I find Unity one unconquerable force.

Easter is a season when time, made by man, ceases and lives meet. All the great sons of God live in my eternity; all I have ever loved in the flesh or through companionship of heart and mind I live with now, for there is no past or future, only the ever present. Easter explains Jesus' prayer for unity, Paul's vision of "a cloud of witnesses," the "*I am*" of God. It brings all souls, even mine, into a communion unbroken by the mortal accidents of time, place, or material condition. We are all one forever.

Easter is to me a time of cleansing of vision, renewal of courage because God rules, joy in that comradeship death can not break, adjustment to the burdens of to-day because to-day is eternity. The mind of Christ lightens my darkness until I see pain, and death itself, as incidents of life, and life, human and divine, a perfect Unity.

Laura B. Galer.

* *

PROGRESS ONWARD AND UPWARD FOREVER

ALWAYS at Easter I am stirred to a new stating of my reasons for believing that my destiny is progress onward and upward forever. More firmly than on any Easter I believe that my personality is to persist after my body has failed my soul, and to-day I state my reasons thus:

Because history shows me that it has been the hope and prayer of all men.

Because I feel within myself that it is more likely that I am to live on than that I should have lived at all. Because when I think of my friends as sometime looking on my dead face I think of myself as one among them, and looking on my face and saying, "Farewell, old friend." One can never think of himself as ceasing to think and love.

Because I find that the men who enrich the world by their words and deeds are strongest in their faith

that men are to live on. I trust the intuitions of good and great souls rather than the doubts of weak and worldly souls.

Because, while I can not prove a continuous existence for my soul, I can not disprove another life. It seems to me wiser to trust hope than doubt.

Because I have had personal experiences that seem to me evidences of another world. These experiences are worth nothing to others, just as the experiences of others are worth nothing to me. I prefer to trust the suggestions of my experiences than the denials of those who have had no like experiences.

Because the economy of the universe demands immortality. It were a strange reversal of processes to bring a soul through sixty years of training until that soul is fittest to live and then throw all those gatherings away. The economy of the universe demands that a great soul shall have a chance to fulfil itself and work its work for which time and struggle have fitted it.

Because I believe soul and not matter is master in this universe and that soul shall overcome matter and not matter master soul in its final test of power.

Because I believe this is one of God's eternal days, and that I shall go on forever doing what I am doing now—discovering the universe and learning how to work with opportunities and forces.

Lee S. McCollester.

* *

A CHALLENGE

AS it is to all to whom it signifies anything in particular, Easter to me is a reminder that there is within me a deathless part. But, candidly and reverently, if Easter means no more than this to me, it does not of necessity mean very much that is of great consequence. My belief in the immortality of the soul, if it is merely a belief, is a matter of little concern. James in his Epistle says, "The devils believe." But what of it?

Does my belief in the immortality of man's soul impart to my view of life a quality not present in the conception held by the man who holds no such belief? Is my idea of life and its relationships of a higher order than it could be without it?

What do I know about this deathless part in me and in my fellow men? Do I care anything about it, not only in myself but in others? What part of this deathless self have I thus far discovered and brought to light? What part of it remains as yet undiscovered and undeveloped? Do I know and utilize all of myself or only a small part of my whole self? What portion of this deathless part in me and in my fellow men has, through the years, been buried beneath an accumulation of misguided and unintelligent living?

Easter challenges me to see in life all my belief implies; to live that life as such a life should be lived; to secure to my fellow men the opportunity to live a larger and fuller life and to inspire them to take advantage of the privilege presented. Easter admonishes me to increase my store of imperishable treasures by enriching life as I go along. It impels me to search my soul for undeveloped capacities. It creates in me a desire to resurrect that part of my better self that has been submerged by irrational living.

My consciousness of a future life enhances the value of the life that now is. Because I am to live hereafter I must make better the life that now is. It is an existence that is worth prolonging and not merely a prolonged existence that interests me.

John Smith Lowe.

* *

RENEWAL OF HOPE

IT seems to me that the meaning of Easter can be nothing else than renewal of hope. Whether it is taken in the purely mystical sense, or, as it seems to some of us, as something applicable to social questions, coming, at least in this latitude, in the great glory of the spring, it is the annual uplift to belief that man shall not die, that material things shall not crush the struggling soul, however heavily they may weigh it down, and that man need not wait for a hereafter and a disembodied state, but may rise to higher and higher things notwithstanding the winter seasons of finite consciousness and heavy doubts.

H. C. Gauss.

* *

FROM DEATH TO LIFE

A CALL from death to life. That is what Easter means. Whatever our evaluation or interpretation of the account of the resurrection of Christ, we are called by his teachings from the death of sin to the life of righteousness.

Jesus revealed by his life a plan of salvation that does not await another world for fulfilment. He unfolded a method of resurrection not in a remote future beyond the horizon of this world, but now and here.

He assumed, it is true, that the grave is not the end of opportunity for soul development. He expressed for us as no other has ever expressed the natural longings of the human heart for the continuity of life. But with him immortality was something more than duration of time; it was a quality of life, and he called men to believe in the possibilities of eternal life as a present-day experience, to raise themselves out of sordid, stunted, purposeless existence which is death, and into an awakened, conscious, sympathetic service which is life.

Resurrection need not wait until after the funeral. Rousseau said that "man is but half alive in this life." Few men have ever really lived, and most of us need to be born again. We have eyes but we see not, ears have we but we hear not. Three meals a day and a place to sleep (if we are in luck) and a few toys.

We spend our days like children, gathering a few shining pebbles on the beach, and like children we know nothing and see nothing of the great expanse on the edge of which we pile up our little world. We are more than half dead, and Easter is a call to come to life.

I would tell myself this at Easter time, and remember it in all seasons. If I would live, I must "lay hold of eternal life." I must lay hold of those spiritual forces which, amid all the shifting scenes and perishable materials of the world, are permanent. If I would save my soul, I must grow a soul to be saved. Unless I live, I can not live again.

Clinton Scott.

At La Jolla*

Harry LeRoy Haywood

THIS place is very beautiful. From my seat in a niche of a great rock a cove stretches oceanward in a crescent of white surf, and to the north, with a delicate curve to the west, stands a sweep of cliffs that lose themselves toward Oceanside. If I could see over the rock at my back my eyes would follow vista after vista through hills and mountains, and my imagination could travel on beyond them to the Imperial Valley, where impossible dreams have come true. At my right hand are the caves, and at my feet, the Pacific. If I were attempting to paint a picture in words, I should try to describe the colors that lie over this place; I should attempt to tell how the ocean is more deep than cobalt, and the sky is quite as deep though not so blue; and I should want to convey to a reader how living the ocean is, with the play of light, shade, sunlight, and moving wave upon its surface. In all directions, and more especially upon the mountains, there lies a sheen of happy quiet color. I am told that in all of Italy there is not a cove, or a seaside village, more beautiful than this, and I can well believe it.

But there is not here the almost childlike simplicity of a scene along a river, or among the meadows of Ohio, where as a child long ago I was wont to play. The ocean is a fact utterly different from all other things in the world. It is so massive in its power and depth that the word becomes quite irrelevant, and after a while one refrains from any feeble attempt to describe it at all. In a straight line to the west the very water that breaks over the steep of rock beneath me stretches out to Hongkong and to Manila. Not very far out it is miles deep, and I am told that in these waters live an unimaginable variety of strange sea creatures, many of them monstrous as nightmares. A friend tells me —he is a marine biologist of experience—that he has himself taken almost fifty varieties of sharks from beyond the kelp beds. There are storms at play here and there upon the ocean, and there are mysterious things beneath it that appal my imagination. The spray breaks in evanescent fountains about the rock on which I am sitting, but for all that, and though I inhale its salt breath in my nostrils, the sea remains as remote from me as death itself.

And yet this sense of strangeness in the sea, which of all things that we can know upon this planet is most strange and mysterious, and most adequate to symbolize for us our feelings of the deep mysteries of life—the unknown, the eternities, the puzzle of death, and the dark abysms of God—this sense of alien aloofness and strangeness, I say, is nothing other than a chance emotional habit of my mind. I am not separated from the sea; it is not something alien at all.

It is not emptiness that separates me from Hongkong, but fulness. The air is invisible to my eyes, but for all that it is material, and far more complicated in its nature than anything I can conceive of. Atom presses against atom, and one wave of energy weaves into another, throughout all that which I call these thousands of miles of "distance." So also with that which I have mis-called the "emptiness" between me and the sun and the stars. I do not know what the stars are at all, and I am indifferent to the matter; but I do know that they are no more separated from me than is the center of the sea, for space is not a "nothing," but something, else there would be no way for the rays of light to reach me.

There is a difference between the air, now of such tender lilac hues, and the water of the ocean, but there is no separation. The water is saturated with air, and the air is full of water, and through them both, in and out forever, ply the tireless light waves, as much at home in one element as in the other. Neither is there any separation (there is much difference) between the water and these rocks, because both are joined together by gravity, and by I know not what countless other ties, else there would be no rock and water here to keep up this everlasting music of their conflict.

And as for myself, I am not more separate from either than they are from each other, for the same subtle forces that weave my body together, and maintain what I call my life, are at work in the ocean, in the air, and to the farthest stars. Everywhere is distinction of kind, and separateness of identity, but nowhere is there separation, aloofness, or isolation. All things belong to the one web of reality—the gulls that now seek their night perch above the La Jolla caves, the moon that begins faintly to win color from the sinking sun, the far sea stretches, Hongkong, the planet, myself, the stars, and all beings that are—men, women, and God.

There is but one system of reality, and this is it, and we are each one parts of it. There is no world behind, or within, the world; there is no veil that separates us from some other scheme of things. We can not draw a line, or build a wall, across creation and say: On the hither side is time, on the far side is eternity; on this side is man, on that is God; on this side is matter, on that spirit; here is error, death, weakness, defeat, while over there is eternal life, joy, power. The universe is not thus divided, and in the nature of things can not be. Those who are dead—which is to say, those who at this Easter season are not presences but memories—have not gone into "another world," or a "future world;" they are still living in "this world," albeit on what star, or under what form, I do not know. There is no way whereby to escape from this universe of which we are children and to which we belong by an everlasting identity.

"Why stand ye here gazing into the heavens?" I do not know what those words meant to the men who heard them first, but to myself they ask why one should look into the heavens as if one could discover there the secret of it all, when those heavens are made of the same reality, and belong to the same system, as this earth on which we live. All is made of the same stuff throughout. Spirit, body, life, death, matter, soul, God, gods, eternity, time, these are but names of

*Pronounced "La Hoy-yah." It is a very beautiful village just north of San Diego, Cal., and is much sought out by artists and others who love the beautiful.

things or characters or characteristics we give to something or other that belongs to this one web of existence. To know that there is no veil across the back of the universe, hiding God and the final secrets from us, but that all is here with us, and immediately accessible to us—that is wisdom.

All things (as a fact) hang together and form one system of reality. Nothing can be obtruded from without, because there is no "without." There can be no supernatural, because there is no way to get outside of the natural. There is no revelation, because there is no veil to be lifted. God, the spirit, and the everlasting mysteries are all woven up with the here and the now, flesh of one flesh and bone of one bone, and if we can not learn to know such things under present conditions and circumstances it is useless to postpone until another life. This life and all lives must be lived out in the one universe, because there is no other universe to be lived in. This is not to denude our world of its glory, but quite the opposite, because all the great deams are true, the dream of God and of immortality, and they are true in the here and the now, not elsewhere.

All things, persons, events, and experiences exist tied together in the one great scheme of things. This includes death. Death is a fact, and not an illusion, and all our sentimentalities can not strip it of its terror, but for all that it is not a fact that has accidentally come into our world, as through an oversight, or some kind of accident; neither is it—as there is no need to say in these pages—the result of some occult or supernatural calamity, as taught among the myths of the Bible. Death belongs to the universe as much as birth does, and it is a fact to be accepted as such by us men. It is a part of the scheme of things and I have no doubt that it therefore is quite as much a "good" as birth itself.

My friend Harold Marshall has been quoting to me the words of Walt Whitman:

> "All life teaches there is really no death,
> And if there ever was it led forward to life
> And does not await at the end to arrest it.
> And to die is different from what one supposed—
> And luckier."

If Whitman meant that by some kind of prestidigitation we can calmly wave death aside as an illusion I can not agree with him. When one's child dies the event is real, there is no illusion about it, and so is it when one comes to die himself. But if the poet meant that death does not betoken a breakdown in the scheme of things, I quite agree with him.

Death is at one with the sun that is now resting upon the ocean, a more splendid object than any described in the Books of Revelation. It is one with the stars that will come in a little while with their urns of golden light. It is one with the waves that will sing their great songs here among these rocks all the night through. It is one with the breath in my lungs and the thoughts in my mind. Not something apart terrible, malign, it is as perfect, as complete, and as wholesome as the universe itself, for death is nothing other than the universe at work within us, gently and naturally conducting us to a new phase of our existence in this mighty world of men and of worlds. I only hope that after that work is completed in myself I shall awaken to find myself again sitting by the sea in as beautiful a place as La Jolla!

Immortality and Theism*

RECOGNIZING that psychical research holds so important a place in popular interest and thought to-day that it can not well be omitted from any discussion upon immortality, Dr. Fenn begins his lecture on "Immortality and Theism," the Ingersoll Lecture for 1921, with a discussion of this topic. He concludes, however, that while psychical research furnishes sufficient evidence to justify further inquiry, it does not warrant as yet a decision either way, nor does it seem to him cardinal to belief in immortality. Our present experience has been wholly that of mind in body. We have not been able to conceive psychic life as separate from physical structure.

Dr. Fenn's belief in immortality is based upon his faith in God as revealed in that purpose which finds its progressive fulfilment in the growth of moral ideals in human efforts. Some of our beliefs have causes rather than reasons, and the deeper and more fundamental they are the more do they depend upon causes, or intuitions, and less upon reason. Such beliefs should not be disparaged, for an idea which fits into one's rational framework as a whole may well be more true than one which falls in with but a single intellectual process.

The theist's idea of immortality is of this nature He thinks of this as a world which has a rational moral, esthetic and religious significance. A rationally significant world requires that human values laboriously won shall continue to exist, if not here then elsewhere, and must mean immortality, for human values inhere only in human personalities. Wherever we turn in the world we find rationality, and it would be hard to believe that a process rational in all its details could be irrational as a whole. A morally significant world demands the persistence of moral values—the persistence of courage which suffers for righteousness' sake, the persistence of sympathetic love which refuses no burden or toil by which another could be helped. Such a world, too, must mean immortality, that human personalities shall survive this frozen planet in other conditions of existence An esthetically significant world leads us to the same conclusion. Our sense of beauty at its best is our response to reality apprehended in its completeness It is God's purpose that man's ideal shall eventually become actual, but as this seldom if ever occurs in the earthly life of any individual, immortality alone suffices for that full self-realization which the purpose of God intends. A religiously significant world, i

*Abstract of the Ingersoll Lecture, 1921, "Immortality and Theism," by William Wallace Fenn, Dean of Harvard Divinity School.

which life presents itself as the endless pursuit of an ever-advancing goal, and in which God's purpose is ever in the process of being fulfilled but which is never fulfilled, must also mean immortality. It is the very proof that God's plan carries over the physical experience and that man keeps on forever.

We may think of that purpose as aiming at a remote but definite and fixed end in the attainment of which alone it finds fulfilment, or we may think of it as finding its fulfilment in the very on-going of the process itself.

In a good drama, the play is not for the ending, but the ending is for the play as a whole; the purpose permeates every detail of the unfolding plot and not a scene or word could be lacking to the perfection of the whole. In some such way, we human beings, little and humble as we are, are bearers of an individuated part of that great purpose. The perfection of each of us is necessary to the perfect fulfilment of the purpose—perfection not as that of a finished product, but as that of a living, growing member of the organic whole.

Believing in God, the theist cherishes unbounded confidence that highest good is highest truth, and waits humbly and happily for the working out of God's good purpose. How good immortality would be, we say to ourselves wistfully when we think of young and promising lives cruelly ended on the ghastly battlefields or in the hospitals of the war, of broken friendships and frustrated hopes—how good! and with reverent humility one who believes in God replies, yes, too good not to be true!

"Preaching in London"*

The Rev. Frank Oliver Hall, D. D.

GOOD literature can not be exactly defined. Its qualities can not be categorically stated. No one can be taught how to produce it. It is like music, or painting: you know good music when you hear it, you know an artistic picture when you see it. So you know good literature when you read it. It creates its own atmosphere. The author makes you see what he sees, feel as he feels. Dr. Newton has the magic touch. He has produced a book the place of which on the shelf should be close to Pepys' Diary and Amiel's Journal.

The title is misleading, though one could hardly suggest a better one. The volume is made up mostly of extracts from the journal which the author kept while "Preaching in London," but he tells us little about what he preached, or how he preached. It is the story of an American preacher, sojourning in London, and preaching in the historic City Temple during one of the most momentous periods of English history. Dr. Newton went to London in 1918 and remained as pastor of the City Temple for three years and a half. He was there, therefore, during that part of the World War in which America engaged. When one has finished the book he knows and feels as though he himself had lived in London during that tremendous period.

He writes about persons, places, events, not as an afterthought but as present thinking. He does not tell us what he remembers, but about things all of which he saw and a part of which he was at the very time of the telling. Vivid portraits stand out from his pages, not in minute detail, but drawn with strong, rapid, broad strokes which create a vivid and life-like impression. Some of these silhouettes are not only vivid but extremely suggestive. Take this snapshot of Bernard Shaw:

> "Twice I have heard Bernard Shaw lecture recently, and have not yet recovered from the shock and surprise of meeting him. My idea of Shaw was a man alert, aggressive, self-centered, vastly conceited, craving publicity, laying claim to omniscience that would astonish most deities. That is to say, a literary acrobat, standing on his head to attract attention, or walking the tight-rope in the top of the tent. But that Shaw is a myth, a legend, a pose. The real Shaw is no such man. Instead, he is physically finicky, almost old-maidish, not only shy and embarrassed off the platform, but awkward, blushing like a schoolgirl when you meet him. He is gentle, modest, generous, full of quick wisdom, but suggesting lavender, and China tea served in dainty old-world cups. The most garrulous man in Europe before the war, he was smitten dumb by the insanity of it, having no word of comfort to command. Unlike Romain Rolland, he could not even frame a bitter condemnation of it. So after one or two feeble protests, he went back into his drawing-room, pulled down the blinds, and drank China tea out of his dainty cups, leaving the world to stew in its own juice. Who can describe the fineness, the fatuousness, the futility of him! Whether prophet or harlequin, he has shot his bolt and missed the mark. Of course, the artist will live on in his work—most vividly, perhaps, in his sham-shattering wit."

This is a sample. One finds similar portraits of Chesterton, Lloyd George, Jowett, Sir Oliver Lodge, Studdert Kennedy, and a host of others. You wonder how it can all be compassed in so small a space. The one criticism of the book is that it is altogether too brief. The reader rebels against the blank spaces. For instance: "Jan. 30th:—On my way back from Scotland I broke my journey at Leicester to preach in the church of Robert Hall—the Pork-Pie Church, as they call it," etc., etc. "April 8th: The City Temple's mail bag entails an enormous amount of labor," etc., etc.

Come, come, my dear Doctor! You did not hibernate through February and March, did you? Things were happening at that time of the most tremendous importance. We want to know what you saw and how you felt about these events. We feel cheated because you do not tell us. What you say is so mighty interesting that we demand the rest of the diary. The gaps are altogether too wide, when we want none at all.

However, for what we have received we are duly thankful. And above all we are grateful for your

*Preaching in London. Rev. Joseph Fort Newton, Litt. D., D. D. $1.50.

unfailing kindness of judgment at a time when you must have been severely tempted to say caustic and unjust things.

The book is a real contribution to a better understanding between two great nations, both of which Dr. Newton obviously loves, and confirms his title as an Amabssador of Christ from America to England and now from England to America.

The Washington-Tokyo Campaign

Authorized by the Univeralist General Convention and Under the Direction of the National Order of Universalist Comrades

THE NEW CHURCH FOR WASHINGTON

The Rev. Vincent E. Tomlinson, D. D.

ON numerous occasions in my young life I have visited Washington and have been privileged to preach in our church there. The first time was before the war, not the Civil War, when I spent ten days in Washington and did what we ministers call "filling the pulpit" on two Sundays. What the people call it we do not generally hear. The thing that has always impressed me about our Washington congregation has been that it is made up of a group of faithful and friendly people. They love their church and have sustained it under many difficulties. My last visit was a few weeks ago, when I had the pleasure of being the guest in the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Van Schaick, who have given so much of their best life to our Washington church. Upon this last visit, as upon the first, before the Spanish War, I was struck with the loyalty of our people to our church and their love for it and for one another.

Instead of the church being emptied of people very soon after the close of the service, they lingered and spoke with one another and with the visiting minister and seemed loath to part. I had the pleasure of attending a meeting of the board of trustees and was impressed with their zeal in behalf of the new church, which we are all going to help them build. This will mean that they have set for themselves the task of securing the lot, one of the best located in the city, at an expense of not less than $75,000.

But you say: Why do they burden themselves to build a new church, and why are we all asked to help them? And that takes me back before the election of President Harrison to the time of my first visit to Washington, and another impression the church made upon me then which was that the building was about as unfitted for church purposes as any I had ever seen. To begin with, the auditorium was bare and unattractive and could not be made otherwise. It has no beauty, it is barn-like, a very serious defect in a city like Washington with many examples of fine architecture. But even more serious than this, the church is very poorly equipped for Sunday school and social purposes. It has no parish house, it has no vestry. All that it has are two wings or side rooms that are not suitable for social functions of any magnitude and can not be made so. How our Washington people through all these years have carried on the varied work of a modern church and have kept alive I do not see. Only their quenchless love for our faith and their loyalty in making the best of what they had will explain it.

If when the church was built forty or fifty years ago it was poorly planned and inadequate, what of it now in the new Washington which has more than doubled in population and has erected in recent years many commodious and finely equipped churches? Of course it is hopelessly out of date.

If we are to stay in Washington and stay in the procession we must house our faith in a new home, and an adequate one. We must remember, too, that nearly all the denominations are backing up their local forces in Washington and aiding them to build national churches, recognizing that the Capital is our representative city and we all have a stake in its institutions. We Universalists have been rather slow in wheeling into line—the Catholics, the Methodists, the Unitarians are already up—but we are there now and the only question is, how much are you and the members of your church going to give? And this applies to Los Angeles, California, as truly as to Bangor, Maine, to the little chapel at Cumberland Four Corners, R. I., as to our Metropolitan Church of the Redeemer in Minneapolis. Wherever our starry flag floats and Universalists are found their attention should be focused upon Washington and their pocketbooks opened to its call. Wherever a church or a family has had a Universalist boy enlisted in the great struggle to save liberty to the world his name should be inscribed in our National Memorial Church.

In the hands of such capable men as Louis A. Ames of New York, Charles L. Hutchinson of Chicago, Dr. John van Schaick of Washington and others, we can be certain that every dollar entrusted to them will be wisely expended. Just now the opportunity is ours to do a splendid thing for our faith in our National Capital. Let us all be alive to it. Let us all improve it.

* * *

FAITH WITH WORKS

The Rev. Frank D. Adams, D. D.

LAST October when I arrived in Detroit to attend the Universalist General Convention, and stepped for the first time into McCollester Hall, this challenging slogan caught my eye: "Whip the Japanese with Love!" I was told that it was one of a number of pertinent posters used in an exhibit by the General Sunday School Association.

That slogan contains the gist of my whole message. Until all the world is whipped by Love, fighting will never cease and God's kingdom can not come.

To us has been committed the task of winning that kind of a victory over a little portion of Japan. The proposed Perin-Cate House for Young Men in Tokyo will do more toward winning it than all the navies of the world—and perhaps in spite of them!

It is not a question of whether we can afford it. The only question is, Can we afford to do without it?

In all our work, especially in other lands, we must

learn to take the long look. In the words of Emerson, "We are never tired when we can see far enough." Our range of vision must be set for about the third generation. We hamper our own faith and dampen the courage of our missionaries with the impatient question, "But what have we to show for what has been done already?"

Miss Osborn and Miss Hathaway will tell us that we are just beginning to reap the harvest sown in the building of the Blackmer Home. Fifty years from now our children and grandchildren will be reaping rich rewards from the building of the Perin-Cate House for Young Men.

But this is not to intimate that the returns on our investments in Japan so far have been unsatisfactory. Far from it. In proportion to what we have invested there in money and in human service, the results have been quite as gratifying as any other denomination can show.

Of the appeal of our gospel to the Japanese mind, and its peculiar fitness to meet the present needs of the Japanese people, nothing more need be said. It is the testimony of all our workers there, both native and foreign, that Universalism is the only interpretation of Christianity that the people of the Sunrise Kingdom will ever espouse.

If we do not take it to them in its pristine purity, other denominations will ultimately offer it in a diluted form, only divested of some of the cruder features of the old Orthodoxy.

Japan is a hard field for Christian missions just now—thanks largely to the success of Christendom in keeping Christianity out of politics! But it affords an opportunity to put our evangel to the supreme test. If it wins there, it can win anywhere!

But however spiritual, however idealistic, one's gospel may be, the world likes to see some material evidence of its vitality. In fact, the world rather demands it. And in this the world is altogether logical and reasonable.

In America, nobody believes that a church is really established in a community until it has at least housed itself in a fairly adequate building. As the cause prospers, we expect to see the physical equipment increase in size and efficiency. Thus buildings and other material tools become both harvest and seed, continually multiplying themselves.

The Japanese are quite as human and logical in this respect as we are. They want to be "shown." They know that if we in America really have faith in our gospel, and really want our representatives in Japan to succeed in planting it there, we must prove our faith by providing them a decent equipment.

Without such equipment, Japanese Christianity is as much a paradox as American Christianity would be without churches, hospitals, orphanages and homes for the aged.

Let us have faith, the faith of the long look, the faith that is content to await a future fruition.

Let us back up that faith with works.

Let us build the Perin-Cate House for Young Men in Tokyo.

In what nobler way can we immortalize the memory of two of God's noble messengers?

Editorial Correspondence

WHO should appear on my porch this morning, when I was trying to think of something about which to write, but the late Chief Tigertail, who so recently, as he says, went on "the long sleep!" There he was, in his brilliant costume of many colors and in his splendid and dignified silence. I am not a spiritualist to materialize the spirit; I am not a seer of ghosts; I dream dreams sometimes, but not so as to realize them in the flesh. He came to me just through the medium of memory, and he was a welcome guest.

I had seen him only once in life, and yet can never forget the picture as he stood against the background of some giant palms, between which glistened the waters of the lazy moving river. I have seen a few kings and princes in my time, I think as many as two, but never have I stood in a more truly regal presence than when I paused before Chief Tigertail and took off my hat to him. Physically he was glorious to look upon; even the gaudy raiment and the bare feet could not detract from his royalty, for the superior calm of his countenance, the self-poise and the utter unconsciousness of the gaping crowd of pleasure seekers wrote the charter of his kingship, and none might question.

To turn the situation around. Suppose that any one of us human exotics of the so-called superior race, highly educated, scientifically trained, were placed on exhibition before a group of savages. There is not one of us but would be self-conscious, lose muscular control, and find his eyes dropping in real or affected modesty or vanity, as he adjusted a coat button or straightened his hat! But Tigertail looked us squarely in the eye, not even amused at our foolishness. Our cheap curiosity was a tribute of which he was worthy, and when at last he moved, there was no haste, no stumbling, no hesitating step, no lack of definite objective; he would go, and he went with splendid dignity, to his royal palace of palm leaves, leaving the motley crowd to chatter like unto their distant progenitors!

But here through the gate of memory he came unchanged to my front porch, and stood with his face to the lately risen sun, a real child of that great luminary.

By a curious coincidence I held in my hands the big volume of H. G. Wells' "Outline of History," and it was open at page 66, where there was the portrait of the "Cro-magnon man," whose skull had been dug up somewhere in France, and a clever artist had restored the face as it must have looked when he was alive, anywhere from ten thousand to forty thousand years earlier. A few thousand years more or less do not count for much in geological reckoning, but, so far as we can know, the "Cro-magnon man" was among the earlier human inhabitants of this world. He

represents a mighty race of strong-featured and big-brained people. He looked out from the picture with frank and fearless eyes. He did not know the history of Europe, there was no Europe, there was no America; he could not pass the entrance examination to one of our primary schools. The only natural force he knew was the fierce electrical storm, and he knew not what that meant. He was, according to our standards, pitifully ignorant, and yet he knew that which we know not, and that which the astute savants give their lives to learn. He was simply primitive.

I looked from the picture to the face of Chief Tigertail, as he stood there unabashed, unafraid, unseeking, and I was startled by the weird resemblance. Tigertail too was primitive. He stepped out of the unknown ages, the luminous example of the primitive man, and one of the products of our own civilization had shot him, and he had gone on his "long sleep." While the pleasure-mad city stopped just long enough to idly note his departure, and then—on with the dance! While in the palm leaf palace a widow and little children sat with heads bowed upon the knees in mourning silence, and stranger hands prepared the regal form for burial!

I looked at Tigertail and longed for an interpreter, some one who could tell me what was shadowed back of those wonderful eyes, which had never fallen before the glance of man.

I know some things, for I have been told by one who had penetrated a little way into the secrets of this mysterious and magnificent people, who connect us with distant ages, and reveal the presence of our own primitive nature. I had heard some of their traditions and some of their religious aspirations, and realized that there must one day come a poet who will reveal them. History is a dead thing without poetry—like a tree without life, like a man without a soul. I like to read the "Origin of Species," which throws some otherwise wise men into hysterics! But I like more to hear the Seminole tradition of how the whole race of man came to the slow moving river in the Everglades, and one group, plunging in, remained so long they became white, another group, remaining in a less time, came forth red, and others, refusing to go in, remained forever black. And there you have the origin of the white, red and black races. There are those who will claim that that is not scientific, but it is quite as well established as many a scientific hypothesis, and much more interesting!

We cheap-john seekers after thrills, having become callous to natural sensation, come and gaze upon these people and ask foolish questions, and go away and forget that for once in our lives we have been in the presence of the primitive. Here was Chief Tigertail, a man, every inch a man, whose word was unbroken, who stood with reverence within his temple of the woods, at the altar of his God. And yet there are among us super-religionists who, if they are consistent and not cowards, are saying, "Tiger-tail has gone to hell," because he did not meet certain theological conditions of which he never heard, and which were never brought to him by these same smug, self-satisfied theological tricksters!

Well, Tigertail, you stand here more approved of God, because you lived up to your standards, a man it is an honor to honor.

Chief Tigertail: Hail and Farewell.

F. A. B.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXVIII Via Dolorosa

"THE Son of man goeth as it was written of him." Jesus no doubt had been living much in the Fifty-third of Isaiah, and he saw it all happening to himself. "He was despised and rejected of men, a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief; and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised and we esteemed him not." There is in Jerusalem a narrow street which tradition has hallowed as *Via Dolorosa*, the sorrowful way. But from the moment when he steadfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem, it was *Via Dolorosa* all the way, yes, and even long before. When he saw the assiduity and the instancy with which the ecclesiastical authorities were silencing his public ministry in Galilee, he foresaw the road before him, a road of conflict, of humiliation, of growing loneliness, the unrelenting effort to force him out of the common life of his people, to brand him as a leper, to drive him to isolation—effort that would not rest until it had brought him to death and shame. And what sensitiveness to mental anguish his enemies spared was exposed to fickle friends. "And at that season, many of his disciples turned back and walked with him no more." Even the inner circle of the twelve had not remained proof against the invasion of unworthy fear and of treason. The traveler of the *Sorrowful Way* became lonelier every furlong of the road.

"Whatever fine comedy may have gone before," says Pascal, "the last act is always tragedy. We must die alone." Yet surely with no such loneliness as this. For it is commonly given to a man to go down to the last gateway accompanied by an escort of his beloved, ministered to by loving hands on the way; and it is denied to no man, if he wills it so, to enter the gateway with even mightier, friendlier, more reassuring companionship. Yet to the Son of Man was denied this last mercy. "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" Why the supreme moment of a perfect obedience should also be the moment of utter dereliction, the very midnight of his soul, I do not know. No man knows, for on this God has kept His own counsel. Yet so it was—a loneliness that passeth understanding.

The paradox of the matter is that his loneliness was the price he paid for his love, for the very genius of love is to dispel loneliness. It is the power that draws us together in fellowship, friendship, comradeship, the subtle essence that makes a house a home; the warm potent constraint that forgives injuries, heals wounds, binds up broken hearts, and gathers the solitary into families. Yet the greatest love that this world ever knew had little of these gracious and enriching responses; at the end of the day, its reward was an unlit dungeon of forsakenness.

Yet the paradox is not hard to resolve. It is one thing to love men; it is another thing to love them so well as to want to teach them to love. Men will accept your love and the gifts and services that your love brings to them; and they may perchance give you a little grudging love in return. But if you love them long enough and well enough, a point comes when your love may convict them of selfishness. Then one of two things will happen. One man will bow his head in shame for an ungrateful beast, and cry, *Lord, be merciful unto me a sinner;* and he will love you as you love him. The other man will hate you in his heart, and some day he may betray you with a kiss. And Jesus had, as you know, both experiences—of the one, a little; of the other, much. Perhaps we should also find it so if we loved as relentlessly, as truthfully as he.

But Jesus had to do with other than common folk. He provoked the hate of the worst kind of selfishness, the entrenched selfishness of "vested interests." For in this kind of selfishness there is an impersonal quality which is inaccessible to human affection. You may overcome the selfishness of a man; but I do not know that you can overcome the massed selfishness of a class. It may perhaps be shattered by the high explosive of a religious contagion, but not otherwise. Assail it, and it will try and perhaps it will succeed in doing you to death. Assail it even for the love you bear the souls that are lost in it, and it will show you no mercy. That is the fashion of it. Our vested interests will turn on truth and love and religion or anything that threatens to touch them, and if they are pushed will not hesitate to take cover behind the name of religion and patriotism or any other affection or sanctity that may serve their turn. It was against such a hard, impersonal, massed selfishness that lacks a soul, lacks bowels of compassion, lacks even the rudiments of a conscience, that Jesus found himself. It is no mitigation of the crime against Jesus that it was done for the glory of God. For it is one of the painful discoveries one makes in religious history that ecclesiastical officers contract a color blindness which fails to distinguish between the glory of God and their own interests. And that is why religious persecution has always been more cruel and implacable than any other.

It was this temper that forced Jesus to travel the Sorrowful Way. And that was how Jesus found it. The common people heard him gladly; and so long as they were left alone, they continued to hear him. But the common people of those days were not immune from the poisoning of the mind any more than are we; and the ecclesiastical grandees were as alive to the uses of propaganda as a modern government or a powerful corporation. The common people turned away from Jesus because the vested interests tainted the sources of public information. And in the system of the vested religious interests of that day there was no room either for the practise or the teaching of love. For it was essentially an aristocratic system; and the practise of love is apt to do grave damage to the aristocratic principle. For it involves the pernicious notion that you should behave decently to publicans, and even pass the time of day with sinners; and that would not do at all. A privileged class will allow neither love nor truth to compromise its privilege. For their privilege is their religion, whatever lip service they may do to another loyalty.

* *

Now, Caiaphas and Annas and the Pharisee leaders were not dull people. Within their own circle of interests, they had very astute and penetrating intellects; and I have no doubt that the proper and conventional folk of the time considered them what we would call statesmanlike. They were not only clever at playing the political game, they realized that if the thing Jesus was doing went on very far, it would break up the whole scheme of things for which they stood. In a word, they made the rather remarkable discovery that love was a kind of high-explosive. And this is the other side of love. I have called it an energy of integration; but it may be an energy of disruption.

I read the other day a little story told by a friend of mine; it had to do with a visit paid by two Welsh peasants to the English town of Preston, where the son of one of them lay wounded in a military hospital. They were both unfamiliar with towns, and both spoke English only with difficulty. When they left the railway station, they were in great bewilderment, and the only object in sight that had an aspect of familiarity was a policeman. To him they went, and he was very authoritative and official and superior and peremptory. But when one of them took out from his pocket the telegram about the wounded lad which had brought them on this unaccustomed journey and showed it to the constable, well, as one of them said, "In a twinkling the policemen went away and the *man* came out." And that has struck me as a parable of most of our life. Our relations to one another are so impersonal, so official, so professional, so institutional, that a direct spontaneous human relationship is hardly ever possible. The physician will speak of his "cases," the lawyer of his clients, the minister of his parishioners, the merchant of his customers, and something of the man, and sometimes a good deal of the man, is lost in all these relations. And I am not sure but that the greatest harm that the modern development of industry and big business has done to life is that it has mechanized, formalized, institutionalized, the relation of man to man. In the old days master and journeyman worked in the same shop and ate at the same table; but to-day what a great gulf yawns between the owner of the tools and the owner of the labor! And in the mass, a great deal of our life is taken up in these formal professional and institutional relations! And by the time we are through with them, there is little enough of life left to nourish the simple spontaneous relationships in which at last lies the real joy of life. I am not at all sure that a revival of love in our modern civilization might not provoke a social revolution by the side of which the Russian Revolution would seem a rather trivial and messy accident. For it would destroy red tape, professionalism, institutionalism. The policeman would disappear and the man would come in sight!

And this is what love peculiarly does—*it evokes the man,* the human essence beneath the uniform, whether the uniform be of the visible or of the in-

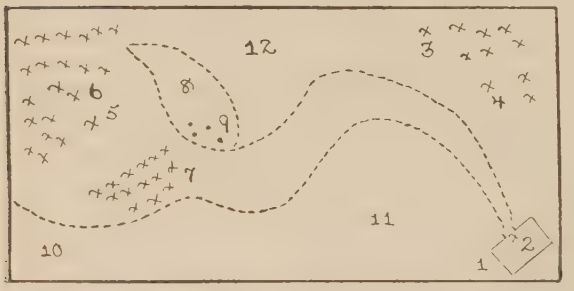
visible kind. That was just what Jesus did; he evoked the man—both where the man was swathed in opaque folds of pride, and where he lay hidden and despised in the rags of an outcast, in Joseph of Arimathea and in Matthew the publican. But the institutionalists and the professionalists scented danger in the proceeding, saw it threatened the stability of the Church and their authority . . . and the massed impersonal anger of the organized religion of his day hounded him through the *Via Dolorosa* to the Place of the Skull.

O Love that wilt not let me go, quicken thyself in me. Forgive me my lovelessness; and banish from me the pride, the selfseeking which makes me untrue to myself and to thee. I pray for a great, unyielding love like thine, O Christ—even though it bring me to a Sorrowful Way. I am willing to go that way, for I shall meet thee there; and I know that at last it leads over the crest of the hill into life and peace. Amen.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

THE BOY AND THE GIANT



1. David's home.
2. David's father.
3. David.
4. Dog and flock of sheep.
5. Giant. (This should be a larger doll.)
6. Army of Philistines.
7. Israel's army.
8. Brook. (Mirror, edges under sand, longer or shorter as is possible. Describe and children will follow.)
9. Stones by brook.
10-12. Grass, trees, flowers, etc. (Grass also where sheep feed.)

WE are going to study to-day about a boy and a giant. Here is the boy. (Point to 3.) He is not with the giant when we begin the lesson. His name is David. And he is taking care of the sheep on his father's farm. And what help do you suppose he has? See, here is his helper. (Point to 4.) Who knows what this is? Yes, it's a dog. Folks that keep sheep most always have a shepherd dog, that is a dog that is trained to help care for the sheep. Over here (point to 1) is where David lives with his father. This is David's father. (Point to 2.) And now David's father is calling to David. And he tells David to come to him. And David comes right away. (Move David to home.) He doesn't answer back, "What do you want?" as I have heard some boys and girls do when their papa or mamma called them. He is very polite and he knows that when his father calls him he wants him to come at once. And he does so.

David's father tells him that he wants him to go to where his older brothers are and carry them some food. Now here is where he is to go. (Point to 7.) Here David's older brothers are with the men of Israel. They are in camp ready to fight the Philistines. Here you see the Philistines. (Point to 6.) They are the enemies of Israel. We'll find out more about them in a few minutes. David's father has not heard from his boys in the camp for a long time and he is anxious about them. So he is going to send David to the camp, not only to carry food, but to get some word back about how the battle is going. You see this father was too old to go and fight himself, and David was too young to fight, so they had stayed at home. Now the father tells David that he, with the dog to help him, will care for the sheep while he, David, makes this trip. (Move David to 7.)

Well, when David goes to camp he finds his brothers and gives them the food. But he finds them very downcast and sorrowful, and all the men are the same way. And he is asking them what makes them so discouraged. And just then a great shout goes up from the camp of the Philistines (point to it), and a giant—that is a great big man (point to 5)—stands out there in front of that camp. And he begins to call the Israelites all sorts of names and make fun of them. He says: "Who are you that you think you can fight us? If there is any man among you that dares to fight me, let him come forth. And if he kills me then we will be your servants, but if I kill him then you shall be our servants." And nobody even answers him from the camp of Israel. You see he was so very big that the men of Israel were afraid of him. There wasn't a single man of them that equaled him in size. But that wasn't all. He wore a suit of armor. This was heavy metal. Now not many of the men of Israel had armor. The king had, but most of them didn't. But the size of this giant and his armor together made all the men afraid. But David said to his brothers, "Who is this fellow, and why doesn't somebody go out and whip him?" And his brothers were angry. And they said, "Maybe you think you could fight him!" And David said, "I'm not afraid of him." And then how they laughed at him! How they did laugh at this boy who was willing to fight the giant! But he insisted that if there was nobody else, he would go. And finally they let him go. The king wanted David to take his armor, and they tried it on him, but it was too big for him, and it was heavy. He felt so awkward in it that he wouldn't take it. You see it isn't easy to do your own best with things that belong to somebody else. Sometimes we think if we only had as much money as somebody else, or something else that somebody has, we could do so much more. But we can do our best with just what we have ourselves. (Enlarge on this point as desired.)

So David tells them that he doesn't know anything about wearing armor, but he does know about

his own little sling. And he goes over to the brook. (Move David to 8 and have him pick up some of 9.) This you perhaps will do yourself. This part must be acted out, but as you tell the children what is supposed to be happening, they will follow you all right (even if details are not perfect.) Then his brothers say, "You can't fight the giant with that kind of thing." But David tells them that he has taken care of the sheep with no other defense. He says he has met bad men who wanted to steal sheep, and in the night wild animals have come to kill the sheep, but that God has helped him and he has always succeeded, with no other weapons. And so he tells them he is not afraid of any giant, no matter how big he is, for he knows that God will be with him just as He was when he took care of his sheep. Then David goes out to meet the giant. And the giant looks at him with amazement. A little fellow like that coming out to fight him! Why, he says, "I'll make short work of you." Then the giant begins to laugh at David. And he throws his head back so as to laugh harder. And, what do you suppose, when he throws his head back, a part of his head-piece, the part just at the eyes, goes up on to his forehead. And David sees that. And he puts a tiny stone in his sling and shoots it at the giant. And that little stone goes right where the metal head-piece had slipped back. It hits the big giant right in the forehead and kills him instantly. Then the Philistines see that their leader is dead, and they hurry off the field. (Have children take all of 6 off the table.) And the men of Israel begin to sing and rejoice. You see the lesson here, I am sure, that when we are doing right we can be sure God is with us, and we need not be afraid of any giants that get in our road. Their size will not make them stronger than we are, because we are doing the right thing and God is with us.

N. B. As time permits you can drive home this point of meeting giants, naming different things which may appear big to children as either tasks or diffculties, and show how with their own eyes and hands and minds, small as these may seem to them or to anybody else, they can get the best of the giant for all time. Any child ability may be spoken of in the terms of the sling and stone. Any obstacle in the terms of the giant.

Our Present Duty

The Rev. Edward A. Lewis

THE need of the hour in the days when our Church was young was for polemics. It was a day when the statement of certain mere philosophical abstractions brought forth hot protests and enthusiastic opposition. The founders of our Church met the situation courageously. They were abused and sometimes mobbed, yet they stood fast by their convictions and boldly preached the gospel as it was revealed unto them.

Their work and woe was not in vain. The abstract theological propositions which they preached at so great expense are now accepted by the great majority of intelligent people. What then is our task? Shall we go on promulgating these same doctrines in the terminology of our forefathers? Here is a task well suited to the sluggard, and though it may become monotonous it will never be dangerous. The trail has been blazed thus far. The wild beasts have been killed. The traveling will be safe and easy. If we spend our lives camping along the paths beaten by the pioneers of yesterday, when we lie down we shall not be afraid, but will our sleep be sweet? I am inclined to believe that our sleep would be troubled by the thought that we were not about our fathers' business. Our fathers were pioneers—road-builders. We too must devote our energies to the task of making in the desert a highway for our God.

We boast that Universalism is the inevitable religion of to-morrow. If our boast is to be made good we must see to it that the Universalist Church keeps moving. We must keep it in the forefront of the ranks of them that blaze the trail for human progress. The great need of to-day is to carry the intellectual acceptance of the precepts of Jesus to logical conclusion by applying religion to the individual and social affairs of the present life.

In striving to serve this need we should bear in mind that it is the duty of the Church of Christ not only to hold up great ethical ideals, but also to denounce unequivocally all that tends to hinder the realization of those ideals. Jesus preached lofty principles. He also delivered scathing rebukes. He said, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." He also said, "Woe unto you, scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites! for you devour widows' houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye shall receive the greater damnation." He showed compassion unto those who had wrestled with sin and had been unable to withstand temptation, but he drove the money changers from the temple with the sting of the lash. For men and women

> ". . . caught out in what the world
> Calls guilt, in first confusion. . . ."

Jesus had a helping hand and a heart of sympathy. But he had no patience with the scheming, plotting, exploiters of the people.

As a Church we have been too long satisfied with preaching submission and the policy of turning the other cheek, and we have been too silent on the great themes of equity and social justice. It is right that we should gracefully submit to the inevitable. There are times when we should drink the cup of woe without complaint. But there are other times when loyalty to the spirit of Christ demands that we should rise up in righteous protest and refuse to permit ourselves to be further exploited and oppressed.

If it were a Christian virtue to be content with things as they are, Jesus would not have taught his disciples to pray for the *coming* of the kingdom. He would have said, "When ye pray say, Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name; let thy kingdom remain, preserve the *status quo*."

It is not the business of the Church to strive to maintain the present order or even to be indifferent

towards it. The Church, if it is to be true to the spirit of Christ, must fight against the entrenched evils of the present social order. It must teach ideals of honor and service to the individual, but it must also recognize the fact that individual character is largely a product of environment, and therefore strive to put honor and justice at the base of all our social institutions.

Pulpit sermons on individual honesty and duty reach the ears of only a small fraction of the people, and reach those ears but seldom. But the influence of our social, political, and economic system is working upon all the people all the time. How can we hope to make the masses of people honest in a world where governments and powerful industries are not honest? How can we hope to save the souls of individual men and women from greed and selfishness and brutality in a world in which these forces are permitted to hold the ruling power?

The chief duty of the Church to-day is not to preach individual morality, but to demand social justice. "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness." Until the affairs of society have been put upon a Christian basis sermons on individual morality will continue to fall upon much stony ground.

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of the Earlier Train

WE went, I and Keturah, upon a journey. And we tarried for a night at an Inn. And I spake unto the Night Clerk, saying, Call us at six-thirty, and he said, I get you.

And I spake unto Keturah, saying, We will rise early, and catch the seven-thirty-five, and have our breakfast on the train. And she consented.

Now in the morning the call was given unto us at six-thirty, and a card was slipped under our door, saying, Many are called, but few get up. But we were already up. And we hastened not, but bathed and clothed ourselves, and called a Taxi, and went unto the Station.

And as I was buying our tickets, I spake unto the man in the Ticket Office, and I said, The train leaveth, I believe, at seven-thirty-five.

And he said, There is a train that leaveth at seven-thirty-five, and if thou gettest aboard it will carry thee; but it is now seven-fourteen, and there is a better train that leaveth at seven-fifteen. If thou hast any Special Affection for the seven-thirty-five, it will not hurt my feelings; but if thou standest not too long on this side of the gates, thou canst catch the seven-fifteen.

So we passed out of the door, and through the gate, both I and Keturah, and it took us forty-five seconds, and we hastened not, for we knew that one minute was enough if we did not lose our heads.

And just as we were seated, and the train started, behold, there climbed aboard a man with a red face who had intended to take the six-forty, and who barely caught the seven-fifteen.

Now this I have discovered, that, If the train that goeth at three p. m. should start at half-past eight, that self-same man would come along, about five minutes late. But he who riseth and calmly goeth after the seven-thirty-five may possibly have the good fortune to get the seven-fifteen.

And it is so in other affairs of life.

* * *

THE TRUE MEANING OF LIFE

THE idea that the true meaning of life is realized only through death is not new. It has haunted the mind of man from the earliest time. Plato taught that only through death can life come to its own. Socrates welcomed the hemlock because it set his spirit free from the prison of mortality. But Plato's thought so far as it relates to the nature of immortal life, is wholly negative, and death has no other relation to life here than that of providing an escape from it. Therefore Plato's teaching falls short as a philosophy of life and death.

It is only when we approach the gospel of Jesus, that we find this idea given in positive form—that the relation of life and death becomes vital. In brief the teaching of Jesus is that man is able to rise, here and now, above the conditions of time, into the divine life. This he does by renouncing the lower and more material interests and seeking the higher and more spiritual. This renunciation prompts the birth of new powers and possibilities that are enduring. Thus life in the flesh becomes a continuous process of death, whereby in each conquest over the lower self the higher life is realized. The final dissolution of the body, therefore, is the culmination of this process, or the death of death. Thereby the life of the spirit wins its full freedom. This higher spiritual life abides, for it shares the nature of the Eternal.—*From "Fundamentals of Faith in the Light of Modern Thought," by Horace Blake Williams.*

* * *

MEMORIES OF DR. PERIN

To the Editor of the Universalist Leader:

In Dr. Conklin's excellent *resume* of the life work of our dear Dr. Perin he passed over a number of years, saying that he was not familiar with his life during that period.

In the spring of 1877 or 1878 I was a small boy in the township of Bainbridge, Geanga County, Ohio. One day when we were planting corn the "new minister" appeared in the field. He was big and clean and friendly and took a hand in the work, and we all liked him. With his young wife he had come to take charge of a movement that had been aided by Dr. Andrew Wilson, who occasionally came to preach in the old town hall. Mr. Perin soon had the people talking about building a new church, and he received pledges of money, lumber, stone, and labor. A site was purchased and the pretty little church was erected—the husky young minister endearing himself to all the community by taking a hand wherever opportunity offered, not fearing even the hod when brick and mortar were to be carried to high stagings. The little church, with its "stained glass" windows and marvelous chandelier with kerosene lamps, was the pride of the community when completed.

Mr. Perin was the one minister that we boys not only did not fear but actually enjoyed. We worked and played ball and went swimming with him and loved him as a counsellor and friend. All too soon he left us to take up work in Willoughby, a town some twenty-five miles north. Dr. Canfield tells me that he remained there only about a year, when he received and

accepted a call to Bryan, Ohio. After perhaps two or three years in this field, serving also at Stryker, Ohio, I think, he was called to old Shawmut Church in Boston. Dr. Canfield, who at almost ninety-four remembers clearly everything that has transpired within a century or two, tells me that Dr. G. L. Demarest was sent by the Shawmut Church to take the measure of the man and that it was upon his recommendation that young Mr. Perin was called to Boston. The rest you know.

Carl F. Henry.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

APRIL 16—EASTER LESSON

John 20 : 19-31

Realization of the Presence

That the separation of the invisible from the visible is one of sense rather than distance is very generally understood. We do not believe that those who have gone speak to us through mediums or rappings or by moving objects in our presence or by appearing as ghosts in the dark. These performances do not appeal to us as intelligent communication nor as being in harmony with seriousness, dignity and refinement.

We do believe, however, that all life is one, that all understanding is one, that all energy is one. We do believe that we in this plane of experience have times of consciousness when we touch with other planes of experience, times when it seems to us that the veil of separation might part and we become conscious of both the visible and invisible at the same time.

Did Jesus pass from here to there when his body yielded to the physical enmity visited upon it? Did he return again to this plane to give his simple, frightened and defeated disciples a glimpse of the facts that life is *one* and permanent and that separation is one of sense and not distance?

The consciousness of a Presence at times seems to be the experience of almost every person. Instead of identifying this Presence with some one who has passed on let this Presence be the Infinite. The appearance of Jesus was a sensing of the Infinite. To some it was inspiration. To others it was revelation. To Thomas it was rebuke and correction.

The experience of the Presence is available to every believer. It is an experience of great inspiration. It creates confidence, it invites one to luxury and to fellowship and to immortality. He who knows not the Presence is groping on with only the testimony of others for his instruction.

Thomas the Absent

On the night of the funeral the disciples met for comfort and inspiration and communion. Thomas was not there. He inaugurated the fashion of staying away from church in times of trouble.

If there is anything in religion, if there is anything in human fellowship, if there is anything in our faith in immortality, wherein is the wisdom in staying away from worship and inspiration and gratitude when an upsetting has come into one's life?

If one's hopes have been upset, if one's possessions have slipped down or away, if one's best loved has been promoted to the plane above, why should that one give himself over to grief? Is there intelligence in it? Is there religion in it? Is there victory in it?

The feast was spread. John, the spiritual, was there. Peter, the optimist, was there. A number of others were there to fill in the minor parts in the company of saints. To this company came the Presence. Some realized it. May be all did. The message of the Presence was: Peace be unto you; receive ye the spirit that is holy. *And Thomas was not there.* He was the most discouraged of all and he was not where discouragement is healed. Of all the group Thomas needed most to be at church. What can be done with disciples who will not go to feasts when they are prostrated with hunger?

Easter Inspirations

The Easter message is one of inspirations. This great story suggests the direction of human affairs and gives testimony to the sure presence of a pilot at the helm of life. No one can study these open craters of history without finding that life has a course. Human action has not been the action of either the pendulum or of the swivel. Human movement has been like the bird's passage to its paradise. It has been like the river's course to the sea. Life has moved toward a definite destiny of quality. The river's surface may be blown up by the wind and some be deceived thereby but neither the winds nor the judgments of the simple alter the course of the river.

No man who has seen life in action and knows its great currents can doubt its course or question the presence of a Master Genius. Tell me there is a God and I shall look for a direction in life's affairs. Tell me there is a direction in life's motion, that it tends toward the supremacy of intelligence and the ministries of tenderness, and I shall look for a Good Pilot that determines this.

Easter confirms again the testimony that Life follows the road and Goodness is not exempt. It is in man to destroy what he fears and even Jesus could not escape. He must pass through the world as the world is. The hills are not leveled nor are the rivers bridged for him any more than they are for others. Character is made in the mills of experience, and character is life's objective and he who would attain must pass through.

Good Friday and Easter are inseparable. Without Friday there is no Sunday. Hard as it is Life must have its Friday. No one knew how great Jesus was until after Gethsemane and Calvary. But Good Friday must have its Easter. Calvary can not defeat a soul. Easter must announce the victory. One chapter does not tell all the story. If you read only of Judas giving the betrayal kiss and carrying away the silver, if you read only of the trial, the testimony and the verdict, if you read only of Peter and of Pilate. . . .

We must have Easter. We must have the women with their spices. We must see Peter with John at the tomb. We must have the disciples learn that no bigots can strangle truth, no cross can kill character, no grave can bury a spirit.

The rolling earth brings night but it does not destroy the sun. Calvary may come into your life, but Calvary is not the last chapter. After Calvary comes Easter. After the spitting bigots came the caressing Joseph of Arimethea. After the Roman soldiers came the women with their spices. After the burial came the angels clothed in white raiment.

They led Jesus away to Calvary to destroy him, but Jesus lives and influences life in the mirrored halls of the mighty and at the hearths of the simple as no other man does. Socrates said: "Bury me if you can catch me. But I will be beyond your reach."

They had their own way at the trial and at the cross, but twenty-four hours is not history. They sent him to the tomb, but he went to the throne. The tomb is not the destiny of a man. Defeat is not the destiny of a life. After Good Friday came Easter.

* * *

HAPPINESS

Happiness is never an earning: It is a by-product, or rather it is a gift. It is poured into hearts prepared. I think that most of us entertain a contemptible notion of happiness. We think of it as one might of a short potato crop—not enough to go around. Indeed, that is precisely the reason sometimes given for the unhappiness of so many people—that there is not enough happiness to supply the needs of all. Whereas, the more happiness there is, the more there is likely to be. Happiness is not a fixed quantity, like the world's gold supply. Really, happiness is an infection: the more who have it the more are likely to catch it. Did you ever see one child happy with the crudest toy, and another child unhappy with arms full of toys? There are not enough toys to beget happiness. Happiness is a distillation, a reaction, a gift to hearts prepared for it.—*George Clarke Peck.*

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

EVOLUTION

Out of the dusk a shadow,
Then, a spark;
Out of the cloud a silence,
Then, a lark;
Out of the heart a rapture,
Then, a pain;
Out of the dead, cold ashes,
Life again.

John Banister Tabb.

VARTAN PASSES

Maude Lyon Cary

FLOATING on a sea of dreams, gold and blue and pink and nile-green, like the mother-of-pearl boat on grandma's mantel—how beautiful it was to drift and gaze at that wonderful sky like a soft blue petal edged with rose and gold, and listen to the sweet clangor of distant village bells beyond the green hills near the shore! Why, of course, they were Easter bells, and the joy in her heart was Easter joy! With a lazy little stretch and yawn, Lillian opened happy blue eyes upon the rosy, golden glory of the Easter sunrise shining through her window.

"Oh, how lovely! Just like my dream, and there are the bells of St. Mary's." Slipping from bed, she gazed out at the beauty of the day.

"There goes Veronica Murphy to early mass. What a pretty Easter hat she has, and so have I, and *I* have a new dress too—Oh, no, I *haven't*," and down upon the floor she sank, a huddled heap of misery. The bells stopped ringing, the sun hid behind a fleecy cloud on the horizon; the rose-dawn was over, and so was Lillian's Easter joy.

"Oh, why did that Gillespie baby have to choose last night to come, and why couldn't anybody but just mother go to help—just when she was hurrying so hard to finish my dress? To-day is so important, too, when my class has to stand on the platform and sing before the whole Sunday school, and I'm on the very front row. No one can help seeing where my hem is let down, and of course every one will remember my last year's dress any way. Oh dear! oh dear!" and down again went the tear-streaked face into the dimpled hands.

"What, tears on Easter morning! Oh, Lillian!" and there was mother with comforting arms and loving caresses.

"Forget the silly dress, dear. Next Sunday you shall have it. Think of the darling babies across the river. Yes, there are twins, dear, a boy and a girl, so round and dimpled and lovely. You shall go over with me after church and take some of the flowers. Surely you're not going to cry again!"

"But mother, why did just you have to go? Wasn't there some one else in this city?"

"Don't be unreasonable, dear. The Gillespies are foreigners, you know, and have only just come to America. The doctor knew I should wish to help. That is why he let me know. The Red Cross nurse is there to-day, but she was busy last night."

"Why did you leave my dress till the last minute? You could have stayed home from the old missionary meeting on Friday."

"You know I always attend the missionary meetings, dear, and remember that without our Mission Circle the Sharps would never have learned about Vartan, and without the Sharps, where would Vartan be to-day? I shall not argue with you, Lillian. You have just time for your quiet hour. Then you must hurry into your clothes and help me set the table for Easter breakfast. Think of the true message of Easter, dear," and with a kiss she was gone.

Quiet hour! Much she felt like a quiet hour now! . . . what was that?

A clear beautiful voice up the street began to sing. It was Vartan. Slipping on her kimono she hurried to the window and peeped out between the curtains. There was the sun again, and the fleecy clouds had sailed away. The sky was blue and luminous, and a ray of golden light seemed to stream down that very street and rest on the dark curls, olive brow, and brown lustrous eyes of the upturned face of the sturdy little figure trudging along and carrying—yes, a *bassinet*—and singing in that sweet, appealing voice, joyous and triumphant, now:

"Jesus Christ is risen to day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!"

Vartan must be going to the Gillespies' now. Mrs. Sharp must have sent him with her basket, the one her own wee boy had used, the boy in whose memory she had called Vartan into her home from far across the seas. Lillian knew all about it. At a missionary meeting a returned missionary had told about the starving little waifs of Armenia. Mrs. Sharp had heard, and her lonely mother-heart had yearned not only to save one of them, but to hold him in her arms and mother him. It had taken months to accomplish her desire, long anxious months of "red tape" and other difficulties, but at last, in the care of a Near East Relief worker returning in quest of health, Vartan had arrived, this wistful, brave-eyed Vartan, whom everybody loved, as he loved every one. Modest and unassuming, he was never in the way, but always he was ready when a kind act might be done or a kind word spoken, or a cheery greeting given by way of smile or song. The year he had been there had sufficed to give him a fair use of English and his quaint expressions seemed but to add to the fascination of his personality.

Now he was passing Lillian's house on his way to the river. Some of the joy in his heart seemed to glow in her own as she sat on the low stool by her bedside, and, turning the pages of her Bible, sought the Easter story for her quiet hour reading.

"Now be God the Father praised, Alleluia!
With the Son from death upraised, Alleluia!"

"The true message of Easter," mother had said. Ah yes, she understood. It was the triumph of the Christ Spirit over the shadows of life—sin and sorrow and selfishness, most of all selfishness, mother had once said, because that was the beginning of all sin and suffering. Why, that was what had been the trouble this morning, just selfishness; but now she was glad that mother had gone to the Gillespies', *glad* that by doing without her new dress she could share in mother's sacrifice. Most of all she was glad of the missionary meeting that had taken mother's time, because it was through the Mission Circle that Vartan had come, and how had they ever lived without him—Vartan with the great yearning eyes, and the big loving heart, Vartan with the Spirit of Christ irradiating every glance and inspiring every act?

"O dear Father," she whispered, "I thank Thee for sending me an Easter sacrifice to teach me the true joy of Easter. I thank Thee for sending Vartan to live and follow Jesus among us. Most of all I thank Thee for the Christ Spirit that Jesus lived to show us, and that he promised should be in me if I would follow him along the way. Dear Master, I want to be like thee. I do not mind the crosses if thou wilt lead me on to the Easter Resurrection that is sure to follow. Help me never to forget. Amen."

Faintly, from a distance came the voice of Vartan as he crossed the bridge:

"Soar we now where Christ has led,
Following our exalted Head.
Made like him, like him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies.
King of glory, Soul of bliss,
Everlasting life is this,
Thee to know, thy pow'r to prove,
Thus to sing and thus to love."

* * *

THE LAND OF THE MOPLAHS

Malabar perhaps means but little to the average Western ar, but as "the land of the Moplahs" it has recently been in the orefront of the news of the day.

It is in Malabar—a narrow strip of the western coast of ndia—that those fierce, fanatical Mohammedans are carrying n a warfare reminiscent of the turbulent outbreaks of the Arian Moslems in the early and bloodier days of their religion.

Malabar is in the strange position of being almost the closest art of India to the people of the Western world, and yet farthest rom their knowledge. Most of the commerce and most of the ravel to India go north of Malabar to Bombay or around the oint of the peninsula to Madras and Calcutta, India's "backoors." And so Malabar has slumbered between the sea and the ountains which hem it in on the landward side, has felt comaratively little of the influence of Europe, and has been preerved as a sort of exhibit of the India of olden times.

Physically, Malabar is the India of traditions and dreams—warm country of quiet backwaters, of luxuriant vegetation, of rocodiles, tigers, leopards and wild elephants. Malabar is the ost beautiful, the most fertile, and the richest district of the adras Presidency.

The fierce fanaticism of the Mohammedan Moplahs and the ories of their bloody and furious outbreaks which reach the tside world may lead to the belief that this is as much a Moammedan land as Arabia or Persia. The truth is that barely irty per cent of the population are followers of the Prophet, hile about sixty-eight per cent are votaries of Hinduism and me two per cent are Christians.

The unusually troublesome role which the Moplahs play in Malabar is due to the fact that these Mohammedans are strikingly different from the other Moslems of India. Mohammedanism in the greater part of India has been colored and tempered by the milder Hinduism; many of the Indian followers of Mohammed, in fact, are merely converted Hindus or their descendants. Many of the Malabar Moslems, however, are the descendants of the large numbers of Arab traders who went to the west coast many centuries ago, and they have inherited all the fierceness and fanaticism of the Mohammedans of the Arabian deserts.

Strangely enough, there have been Christians along the Malabar coast, though relatively few, since the fourth century. They belonged not to branches of the church familiar to Westerners, but acknowledged the supremacy of the Nestorian Patriarch of Babylon. By the end of the first century after the arrival of the Portuguese the Malabar Christians had passed under the control of Rome. After the Dutch came, the native Christians in 1653 threw off their allegiance to Rome and attached their church to the Patriarch of Antioch. Later some of the Malabar Christians returned to their affiliations with the Roman Church but they continued to practise the Syrian rite. Others continue to adhere to the Patriarch of Antioch, while a third group, much nearer to Protestantism, make up the Reformed Syrian Church.—*From a bulletin issued by the National Geographic Society.*

* * *

"AND THE LIFE EVERLASTING"

It will not meet us where the shadows fall
Beside the sea that bounds the Evening Land;
It will not greet us with its first clear call
When death has borne us to the farther strand.

It is not something yet to be revealed—
The Everlasting Life; 'tis here and now,
Passing unseen because our eyes are sealed
With blindness for the pride upon our brow.

It calls us 'mid the traffic of the street,
And calls in vain because our ears are lent
To those poor babblements of praise that cheat
The soul of heaven's truth with earth's content.

It dwells not in innumerable years;
It is the breath of God in timeless things—
The strong, divine persistence that inheres
In love's red pulses and in faith's white wings.

It is the power whereby low lives aspire
Unto the doing of a selfless deed,
Unto the slaying of a soft desire
In service of the high, unworldly creed.

It is the treasure that is ours to hold
While all things else are turned to dust;
That priceless and imperishable gold
Beyond the scathe of robber or of rust.

It is the clarion when the sun is high—
The touch of greatness in the toil for bread—
The nameless comfort of the winter's sky—
The healing silence where we lay our dead.

And if we feel it not among our strife
In all our toiling and in all our pain—
This rhythmic pulsing of immortal life—
Then do we work and suffer here in vain.

Author Unknown.

Young People's Christian Union

THE DIRECTOR'S DATES

April 9. Danbury, Conn.
April 16. St. Johnsbury, Vt.
April 18. South Acton, Mass.
April 28-30. District Young People's Conference, Clinton, N. C.
May 1. Red Hill, N. C.
May 2. Outlaw's Bridge, N. C.
May 3. Kinston, N. C.
May 4. Durham, N. C.
May 5. Greensboro, N. C.
May 7. Washington, D. C.
May 14. Evening, District meeting, Framingham, Mass.

* *

THE TRAINING SCHOOL OF THE CHURCH

II. Training in Church Business

It has frequently been said that the best evidence that the Church is a divinely ordained institution is the fact that any other, if conducted in such an unbusiness-like way, would be a failure, financially and otherwise. Whatever our opinion regarding this extreme statement, it is beyond argument that the average church conducts its fiscal affairs with less of business acumen than the men and women who are in charge of it exercise in their personal concerns. There are notable exceptions, and the number of these is increasing, but for the average church, not the exceptional one, it is in greater or less measure true.

The inference is plain: improvement in the method of conducting the business of the church is greatly to be desired and sought. The only alternative to this is a childish trust in the Providence which keeps fools from disaster, and makes the exercise of our God-given common sense unnecessary.

The reason for this lack of business efficiency in the fiscal affairs of the church is simply the lack of training of those to whom positions of responsibility are given. One church which I served placed upon its board of trustees every man who showed any appreciable interest in its affairs, and even then it had difficulty in filling all the vacancies. As the church grew in numbers, the size of the board was enlarged to take in the new men who had come into active work. And, needless to say, some of these men were earnest, loyal, enthusiastic and efficient, and others never came to more than one or two meetings of the board. In another church, the chairman of the board of trustees was chairman of the city Republican organization, the man who had preceded him was the power behind the throne in the Democratic party, and the clerk of the church was the leader in the Progressive party in the city. There was much more said in the meetings of that board about the mistakes of William Jennings Bryan, Theodore Roosevelt and William Howard Taft than there was of the work of St. John's Universalist Church.

If the great need along this line is men and women who know how to do the work of the church, and, knowing how, are interested in doing it, and in doing it right, it is obvious that a training school for church workers is a necessity. And it is likewise obvious that the only kind of a training school adequate to the task is one that operates on the manual training principle, and teaches by giving an opportunity to do.

This means that the young men and women of the church on whom will rest in years to come the responsibility for its guidance in fiscal, and also in spiritual, affairs, must have an organization of their own. They must be placed in positions of trust and responsibility among their fellows, and by experience learn the right way of doing the work.

Just at the beginning of the entrance of our country into the world war, before the Officers' Training Camps were organized, some of us spent a part of three afternoons each week at the University of Minnesota in drill under the immediate command of the officers of the student cadet squad. We learned several things besides what is meant by "Squad, Right!" After the officer had put us through "the schools of the squad" he would call each of us out in turn and put us in command, and we found that it was much more difficult to give the command, "Squad, Right!" just how and when it should be given than it was to obey it when some one else was in command. But the only way we could learn how to lead a squad was to lead it.

"Like a mighty army moves the Church of God" will be true when we apply the same principle, and put responsibility upon those who will have to bear responsibility later on. Jesus enunciated a fundamental principle of pedagogy when he put into the mouth of one of his parable-characters the words, "Because thou hast been faithful over a few things I will make thee ruler over many things." The Church must do that for its young people, giving them minor responsibilities, but real ones.

This is another reason for the organization of a Young People's Christian Union in every church. It affords opportunity for work of the same sort as that which must be done later by these young people as officers of the parish, the Mission Circle, the Ladies' Aid, the Sunday school, the Comrades. After a young man, for instance, has been the treasurer of a Union, and has had the task of securing pledges, helping to raise money, receiving, banking and paying out the funds of the Union, he knows how that kind of church work ought to be done, supposing that in his course of training he has not been allowed to do his work in slipshod fashion, but has been shown how to do it right. One who has been president of a local Union knows how to preside at a business meeting of a church organization, or auxiliary; one who ha been secretary knows how to keep record conduct correspondence, and make report

I learned how to swim after I was thirt years old, and I suppose I shall never reall know how to do it right, although I ca keep myself afloat, and make some progre through the water. My brother learne when he was eleven, and is like a fis There are church officers just like us; som have learned when they were young, in a organization of their own, and it is th easiest thing in the world for them to d the business of the church and do it righ others never had a chance until they we almost too old to learn, and while the manage to do it, it does not come natur or easy.

Wherefore, let us give the young peop a chance to learn how to transact the bus ness of the church by letting them assum the responsibility for and carry on th work of an organization of their own, larg enough to be worth while, with tasks th are real, that will enable them to acce the larger responsibilities which will com to them in later years, and bear them wisel

And then, when they have been traine let us place them in positions of larg responsibility in the other organizations the church, before they forget what th have learned in the Union.

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Wo

* *

For the Quiet Hour

It is not sufficient to make beauti theories about love. Love must desce from the mind to the heart. It must ha not only flowers, but fruit as well. Love not simply a thought, a desire, a drea It is action. To love is to act.

H. de Faremont.

The man who does no ill to his neight must do much good.

George E. Hall.

It is not enough to be luminous, but to use our luminousness as to be of use other people. . . . We must study great economic laws by which even a lit light may sometimes go a long way, an great light may throw its timely splen upon the road of him who is in perplex and doubt.

Joseph Parker

Doing nothing for others is the undo of ourselves. We must be purposely ki and generous or we miss the best part existence. The heart that goes out itself gets large and full. This is the gr secret of the inner life. We do oursel the most good doing something for oth

Horace Mann

What man can judge his neighbor righ save him whose love makes him refuse judge him? Therefore are we told to lo not judge.

George MacDonald

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St,, Boston, Mass.

WHY JOIN THE W. N. M. A.?

The question is answered by the presi-ts of our Alabama, Illinois and Maine ieties:

f Universalism is to be "the inevitable gion of to-morrow" Universalists of day will have to work at the job of tting it over." We have a slogan: o-operation for Power; Power for Ser-e." We need the complete, systematic operation of all our women to generate power which will make us of service to humanity. A "World Religion" can live half lifters and half leaners.

Our denomination has certain recognized anizations through which to do its re of world regeneration. Every Uni-salist should be working in one or more hese organizations. Universalist wom-need to be educated up to our needs l our ideals in order to become enthused h the high purpose of our aims. They help, once they fully understand.

The Women's National Missionary ociation educates and stimulates women do their best for Christ's kingdom on th. Universalist women, join the W. N. A.

Sadie Clark Bishop,
Alabama.

The Woman's National Missionary ociation makes it possible for me to est in the life of a beautiful girl in Japan girl who welcomes a religion which is so r to me, and through her school and ege life radiates the Christian spirit.

Whether she marries and teaches boys girls of her own, or whether she teaches er young people in high school or col-e, the influence of the girl in whom I have ested some money and some love will n and on till time shall be no more.

The thought of this makes me happy and e worthy to be called a Christian—eed I could not call myself a Christian had no part in missionary work.

By joining the W. N. M. A. I go to the thland and through my missionary tors I bring to hearts hungry for the h the message of Universalism.

f I believe in the Universal Fatherhood God I *must* say so with my gifts. The N. M. A. gives me this opportunity, refore I gratefully join.

Grace Vallentyne,
Illinois.

Why should women of the Universalist urch join the W. N. M. A.? Because y are a part of one of the most progres-e religions of the day, and every wide-ake, thinking woman is realizing that y Christianity can offer a true solution the world problems. Christianity can go to the farthest corners of the world il the world wakes to its need and re-nsibility. The world will awake only as the civilized Christian countries shake off the lethargy of indifference and go out with open hands of brotherhood.

The Mission Circle first educates us to the world's needs, makes us realize the privilege of our responsibilities toward our sisters at home as well as in far off lands, and preserves our self respect (for we could not respect ourselves if, knowing the needs, we were dumb) by letting us have some part albeit small in ministering directly or indirectly to the alleviation of the poverty, ignorance and superstition which is smothering and holding in check the best in civilization.

Josephine B. Folsom,
Maine.

* *

CLARA BARTON UNIVERSALIST MEMORIAL COMMITTEE

Mrs. Marietta B. Wilkins, Chairman, Salem, Mass. Mrs. James F. Albion, Portland, Maine. Mrs. Frank S. Bowker, Woonsocket, R. I. Mrs. Edwin A. Hunt, Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Harold Marshall, Melrose, Mass. Mrs. William H. McGlauflin, Scranton, Penn. Mrs. Arthur W. Peirce, Franklin, Mass. Mrs. Charles A. Russell, Providence, R. I. Mrs. John E. Tweedy, North Attleboro, Mass. Mrs. Hendrik Vossema, Secretary, Medford, Mass.

Committees:
House and Grounds, Mrs. Russell.
Hospitality, Mrs. Hunt.
Publicity, Mrs. Marshall.
Furnishing, Mrs. Peirce.
Ways and Means, Mrs. Wilkins.

The committee bespeaks the co-operation of all of our people in this undertaking. Money is needed for the first cost of purchase and restoration, for beautifying the grounds and for furnishings of the period. At present we have an opportunity to purchase several needed articles of furniture, viz.: lamp $15; comb-back rocker $25; mirror $30; bureau $50. If any one can give one or all of these, the gift will be thankfully received.

Marietta B. Wilkins,
Chairman.

* *

MISSION CIRCLES OBSERVING WOMEN'S DAY, APRIL 30

Clinton, Illinois.
Muncie, Indiana.
Pittsfield, Maine.
Rumford, Maine.
Second Church, Springfield, Mass.
Arlington, Mass.
First Church, Cambridge, Mass.
Chelsea, Mass.
Little Falls, New York.
Barre, Vermont.
Wausau, Wisconsin.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

YOU ARE WELCOME

The pageant "Christ Triumphant," which has been so beautifully written by Mrs. Stella Cushing, will be presented at the Arlington church Easter Sunday evening at seven o'clock. Mrs. Cushing is personally conducting the presentation and assures every one that the church will welcome any who wish to be present. Why not avail yourself of this opportunity of seeing the pageant this year and using it next year?

* *

GLADNESS AND SORROW

On March first we were able to inform the Near East Relief that the Armenian contribution from our Universalist Sunday schools was larger than we had received at a corresponding date of any preceding year. The reply is very touching:

Your good message that the Universalist Sunday schools have exceeded all past records in giving for Near East Relief comes to me at a time when its encouraging note is sadly needed.

The twenty-five per cent cut in our over seas appropriations, which the Executive Committee were forced to order because of decreasing contributions, has struck a deeper note of tragedy than we have had to face for some time. Cable after cable has been coming to my desk begging for increased appropriations to meet the needs, and to answer these devoted workers who are risking their very lives out there with the news of a twenty-five per cent cut in their already inadequate funds, is one of the hardest things we have had to do. Unquestionably it has signed the death warrant for thousands.

Our appreciation therefore of messages such as yours, telling of increasing contributions, is particularly keen. I wish I might extend this assurance of appreciation to your Sunday schools which have made the gift possible.

Very sincerely yours,
Charles C. Vickrey,
General Secretary.

* *

A "BIG FOUR" PROPOSITION

Here is what a young Universalist would like to do this summer: 1. Attend the Convention of the General Sunday School Association at Worcester (July 16-19). 2. Remain for the Convention of the Young People's Christian Union (July 19-20). 3. Go to Ferry Beach for the Young People's Institute (July 24-30). 4. Remain for the Sunday School Institute (July 31-August 5).

This is the four-cornered vacation being suggested jointly by the two organizations.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

Fundamentals of Faith. By Horace Blake Williams. $1.25.

Those who are weary of the brazen clamor of the fundamentalists, will turn with glad relief to this modest volume by one who knows and lives the fundamentals of his faith. Dr. Williams insists that all knowledge and all history must be evaluated by the religious teacher, and that history is the progressive unfolding of the divine idea. Thoughtful people in every church and outside all churches may well ponder these words about faith:

"Faith is the constant experience of the life of God in the soul, a sense of relationship with the eternal. It is the conviction that God is, that He is with us, that He is with us to lead and help and heal. The God in whom we believe is the God we see in Jesus; therefore faith is belief in Jesus. Faith, then, is an experience. It is the misfortune of Christian history that this has not always been emphasized. A few choice spirits in the early Christian days lived life in union with God and attempted to report their experience. The generations that followed took that report, formulated it into a system of belief, and substituted the statement for the experience itself."

Truly Rural. By Richardson Wright. $2.00.

The editor of "House and Garden" and the lady to whom he is "blissfully married" bought the "lovely old Farr place," shook the dust of an apartment from their shoes and the noise of a city from their nerves, and proceeded to expand their lungs and souls—and make a garden.

Just as the Nicklebys, when they settled into the cottage provided by the Cheeryble Brothers, found something happening every day, so was it with the Wrights. The story of the Scandinavian, the terrace, the Blue, Yellow and Apricot Rooms, Orphant Annie's (the master's, so called because furnished only with a cot and a seachest which did not have to be regulated). the morning-room, the study, the marvelous closets (the local carpenter nearly gave notice!), the well-head, the "kitchen that wasn't Greek," the spring catalogue complex, and the garden in several chapters, followed appropriately by one on Heaven, makes a delightful chronicle for those who are imprisoned and those who have escaped.

Saint Teresa. By Henry Sydnor Harrison. $2.00.

After the manner of successful theatrical managers, Mr. Harrison presents Miss Teresa DeSilver, another of his unusual characters—you remember Queed?

Although so nicknamed, Teresa is far from being a saint. She is the very modern daughter of a wealthy family, cares not a pin for public opinion, has broken polo-ponies, shot a burglar, slapped the face of the Governor of New York, is known as "The Woman Who Hates Love" and controls the Whitestone Steel Company. From which you will perceive that she is a headliner.

Through their friend in common, Lucy Flanner, Dean Masury becomes office manager, and the fight is on, for he resents Teresa's "advertising and pose," her attitude toward making munitions for the Allies, her "galling air of omniscience," and she is shaken out of her indifference by his hostility and real force.

Affairs move to a climax, after which Masury determines to enlist as an aviaor, and Teresa discovers that she is not immune from love.

The Reflections of a T. B. M. By Himself. $1.50.

These skittish sketches were written to set forth the Tired Business Man in a new light and to amuse him, also the ladies, especially those who take the reflections with a grain of salt, to whom they are dedicated.

The subjects are: A Wife's Best Friend; The Modern Mother; The Lady Next Door; The Trained Nurse; The Show Girl; A Mother-in-Law; The New Stenographer; The Chief Operator; The Athletic Girl, The Authoress; The New Voter; The Debutante; A Neighbor Once Removed; Sister; and Topsy-Turvey, the last-named concerning "our cook; she was not colored . . . on several occasions not even a cook," but whose Christmas gifts totaled twenty times those of the T. B. M.!

No one who has seen the snappy silhouettes of Gluyas Williams needs to be told about them; and the combination of text and pictures makes an up-to-the-minute bridge prize for flapper or philosopher.

The Prisoners of Hartling. By J. D. Beresford. $2.00.

This story shows the force of a dominating personality and the inertia produced in those enmeshed in its web.

Arthur Woodroffe, a young ex-soldier, now a doctor's assistant in Peckham, is invited by his aunt to spend a week-end at the country house of her father-in-law, Garvice Kenyon. He arrives, is shown into a room crowded with people, and is amazed when his aunt says, "We all live here." Mr. Kenyon, you see, is past ninety and worth about half a million pounds, and has kept the Kenyon clan dangling round him with great expectations for a quarter of a century.

Arthur is asked to remain as family physician, and drifts along from week to week, playing golf and billiards, thinking ruefully of his unrealized ambitions, and attending this wonderful old man with "some quality of supremacy." Also, he falls in love with the granddaughter.

Only the eldest sister gets a penny of the money; but Arthur gains valuable experience, and will henceforth paddle his own canoe.

The General Convention

JAPAN MISSION CONTRIBUTIONS

The Detroit session of the General Convention voted to instruct the Board of Foreign Missions, in co-operation with the Board of Trustees, to adopt a budget of $20,000 for the Japan Mission this year. Following is a statement showing the budget as apportioned among the states and the total receipts from each state through the General Convention office from Oct. 1, 1921, to March 31, 1922. State Convention officers, local church officers and ministers are urged to push this matter at once, that the Board of Foreign Missions may be able to carry out your orders and enlarge our work in Japan.

	Quota	Receipts
Alabama	$ 250	
California	500	$ 30.75
Canada	100	32.75
Colorado	25	9.25
Connecticut	1,100	97.50
D. C., Washington	50	
Florida	100	13.63
Georgia	100	
Illinois	1,000	491.43
Indiana	400	15.21
Iowa	200	25.10
Kansas	150	
Kentucky	50	
Maine	1,500	293.46
Maryland	50	
Massachusetts	5,000	2,399.42
Michigan	300	
Minnesota	500	22.00
New Hampshire	500	96.95
New Jersey	200	
New York	3,000	610.67
North Carolina	125	4.00
Ohio	1,000	25.85
Pennsylvania	1,100	554.00
Rhode Island	1,200	318.80
South Carolina	50	
Tennessee	50	
Texas	50	
Vermont	600	60.75
Washington	25	
Wisconsin	400	81.62
Miscellaneous	325	210.00
	$20,000	$5,393.14

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

May 10-11. Connecticut Convention, Norwich.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported 112

PERSONAL

It is interesting to learn from a letter which just came into this office that down in Scituate, Mass., where "The Old Oaken Bucket" was written, and where visitors may still see the historic well, lives probably the oldest subscriber to the *Leader*, Miss Deborah W. Studley, who will be ninety-five her next birthday. In 1846 her father became a subscriber to the paper, and when he died, about forty years ago, she continued the subscription in her own name. Every week she reads its pages. It is her very bread and meat, she declares. Miss Studley lives with her nephew and his family in the house which has been her home for ninety years, and just up the road is the house in which she was born.

Florida

St. Petersburg.—Rev. L. J. Richards, pastor. A great impetus for renewed zeal in the work here is a result of the visit of Dr. Lowe and Mr. Bishop. Mrs. Washington Cooper of New York has made a gift of $100 to our church building fund. Mr. Richards' sermons are attracting large congregations. The Mission Circle was entertained March 14 at the home of Mrs. John Abbott. "A traveling basket" is brought to each meeting and members contribute to its contents in way of fancy and useful articles and also purchase from it. A food sale was held March 18 at the home of Mrs. Alderman. About forty members of the church were guests of Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Hughes at a picnic given at the Hood dairy farm, March 22. Games in the afternoon, supper in the grove, and a huge bonfire in the evening made a good time for all. The Mission Circle gave a musicale March 24 at the home of Mrs. Alderman. A silver collection was taken and ice-cream sold during the social hour which followed. Thus March has been a busy month for us.

Miami.—Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D. D., pastor. When the season begins to wane and Easter draweth near we begin to take account of stock. In a general way our church has done twice as well as last year, and as long as people do not know how well we did last year no secrets are revealed. Having secured the newest and most beautiful theater in which to hold our services, we doubled our congregation, bringing it up from seventy-five to 150 and on the occasion of the coming of our General and Southern Superintendents we reached well over 200. The annual Garden Party has netted, now that reports are all in, something over $650. And then there was a good old-fashioned surprise party. The pastor was decoyed away for a ride, and on his return found the house full of charming people, the floors spread with beautiful and expensive rugs, fine tables, chairs, lamps and clock. It was a real surprise, gratifying not only for the beautiful furnishings, but as showing the fine spirit of co-operation among the people. We are hoping to report additions to our membership at Easter.

Indiana

Muncie.—Rev. Harry Adams Hersey, pastor. Rev. Almira L. Cheney has given up her work at this church to become state superintendent of Sunday schools in Ohio. Her headquarters will be in Columbus. On March 26, at the close of her duties here, she was presented with $150 in gold.

Massachusetts

Attleboro, North.—We will conduct our drive for funds for the Perin-Cate Home and the Washington Memorial Church, April 2. The local chairman is F. C. G. Amos.

Cambridge, First.—Rev. A. E. Wilson, pastor. The Palm Sunday service held each year in this church has become an event of great community interest. This year at 4 o'clock, April 9, we are to give the cantata, "Olivet to Calvary," by J. H. Maunder. G. Sidney Stanton, choir master of this church and well-known as song-leader at Y. P. C. U. gatherings, is directing the work. Our church choir of twenty-five voices is to be supplemented by singers from the Cecilia Society, the Handel and Haydn Society, the People's Choral Union, and the Philharmonic Choir. This service is the climax of a series of Lenten vespers leading up to Holy Week. Each Sunday a famous masterpiece has been displayed from the pulpit, and the entire service, including the organ and violin music, has been built around the picture. On March 12, the picture was a "A Temple in Egypt," and the central thought "The Things That Abide." The outstanding feature of our choir is that it is an organization chiefly of young people and that it has no paid singers. Developing from this musical group there have been organized an orchestra, a mandolin club, a children's choir, and a male quartet, until we have become known as a "singing church."

Framingham.—Rev. H. L. Thornton, pastor. The annual parish meeting, March 13, was the best in years. Preceding the business meeting, the Men's Club served a roast beef supper as a free will offering toward the success of the evening. The women had no share in the preparation of the meal, and it was indeed a demonstration of what the men can do when they set about it. Reports of the church treasurer and from the various auxiliaries were most encouraging from a financial point of view and showed that the past year had been one of activity in every department. On March 12 four new members were received into the Y. P. C. U. Under the leadership of Mr. and Mrs. Flanders, a vested choir of twenty-five voices has been built up. On April 16, an Old Folks' Concert will be given in Lincoln School Hall. Roy G. Green, the organist and director of the choir, is directing the rehearsals.

Franklin.—Rev. R. K. Marvin, pastor. At the annual parish supper, March 29, Rev. E. Dean Ellenwood of Woonsocket, R. I., was the speaker. Mr. Marvin is preaching a series of Lenten sermons on "Songs of the Longing Soul." The specific topics are: "Songs of Home," "Songs of Battle," "Songs of Freedom," and, Easter Sunday, "Songs of the Long Voyage." The program for the Lenten Vespers held Sunday afternoons at 5, at which a brief organ recital is given, is as follows: March 19, "Vera," by Henry van Dyke; March 26, "Spring in New England, "and "Friar Jerome's Beautiful Book," by T. B. Aldrich; April 2, "Rugby Chapel," by Matthew Arnold, and "Spirit of the Everlasting Boy," by Henry van Dyke; and April 9, "The Sailor's Wife," by Pierre Loti.

Taunton.—Rev. Elbert W. Whitney, pastor. At the annual parish meeting, March 13, C. T. Ripley was elected moderator, F. T. Farnsworth, clerk, Hubert H. Huntley, collector, and Alton H. Ryder, treasurer. From each of the various organizations came reports of a successful year's work, and the report of the treasurer showed that the finances of the church had been ably managed. Mr. Whitney gave his tenth annual report. In the ninety-seven years of the history of the church, Mr. Whitney has been the longest settled pastor.

New Hampshire

Concord.—Rev. Harold Niles, pastor. We had 154 at the service Sunday morning, March 19, and a large attendance in the afternoon at the Lenten Vespers, for which our men's club and the men's club of the Unitarian church are making themselves responsible.

Ohio

Cincinnati.—Rev. John Edwin Price, pastor. Renewed interest is being taken in all departments. The Women's Alliance held a supper and bazar, March 17, at which a goodly sum was realized. The Y. P. C. U. is rehearsing for a play soon to be given. It also plans to observe Easter with a sunrise service, followed by breakfast in the dining room. The Clara Barton

Guild continues its sewing for the local relief organization. The Boy Scout troop has room for only one more member before reaching the membership limit. The Sunday school is looking forward to a visit from Dr. Huntley. It is expected that there will be new accessions to the church at Easter, and the prospect for the future of the work as a whole is hopeful.

Little Hocking.—We will hold our canvass for funds for the Washington church and the Perin-Cate Home April 30. Earl Holdren is local chairman.

Pennsylvania

Philadelphia, Restoration.—Rev. Clinton Scott, pastor. Every Sunday until May 31 we shall conduct our canvass for funds for the Washington church and the Perin-Cate Home. Geo. E. Edwards, 2032 North Gratz Street, Philadelphia, is local chairman.

Rhode Island

Providence, Mediator.—Rev. Fred C. Leining, pastor. The winter season has been a busy and progressive period for this church. Thanksgiving and Christmas brought appeals from local charities, and we served the largest number of dinners to the poor in the history of our work. Our Near East Relief offering amounted to $121. Under the auspices of the Mediator League, Edgar A. Guest came to this city in January. The greater part of the profits realized from this engagement was turned over to the building fund. Large audiences have been attending the "Happy Sunday Evening Services" of which the Men's Club have had management. A program of illustrated drama and echo-singing by the quartet is the chief feature of these services. We have given our quota of $250 to the work of the Japan Mission. The Lenten program includes the observance of March as "Go-to-church Month," and Thursday evening addresses by the ministers of the state. At the Sunday morning services, Mr. Leining is delivering a series of Lenten sermons on "Christ and Men." The Ladies' Sewing Society is doing a splendid work in making dresses for poor children. Laymen's Sunday was an inspiring day. Addresses were delivered by our own laymen, Clinton K. Davies and Louis A. Basinet, with T. Torrolf Hall assisting. We are especially happy because of the work that the Men's Club is doing, and because of the loyalty of the young people affiliated with the Y. P. C. U.

* *

WHO OWNS MURRAY GROVE?

You do, gentle reader, provided you are a Universalist in good standing in your parish. No property possessed by the Universalist Church could be more securely under its control and so irrevocably preserved for the last vestige of the Universalist denomination.

You not only possess proprietary rights in a valuable piece of real estate, but you are also part owner of one of the most unique religious shrines in the world. Many patriotic and civic societies are making great efforts to preserve the homes of notable public men and landmarks where celebrated events occurred. Are we, as a religious society, less alive to our opportunities?

All that makes for comfort and satisfaction when visiting this historic spot has been provided in a fine hotel and attractive grounds. The entire cost of approximately $26,000 has been provided, with the exception of $5,000. Will you not contribute towards this amount? Send remittances or pledges to Rev. Roger F. Etz, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass., or Mr. Walter Gabell, 6600 N. 13th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

* *

JEREMIAH, THE PROPHET

An effort to make the Bible live in dramatic form has aroused the interest of many Universalists, as well as leading ministers and members connected with all Protestant denominations of Greater Boston.

"The Prophet Jeremiah," in the form of a five-act play, is to have its first production at the National Theater, Boston, May 4 and 5 with a cast made of up ministers and prominent laymen and laywomen. Representatives of nearly every religious group will either assume acting parts or co-operate in other ways to make this first effort to "play" together a notable success.

The Universalists have contributed two from among their ministers to take leading parts. Rev. Warren B. Brigham, of the Dorchester Universalist Church on Washington St., a former professional actor, will be seen as Hannaniah, the false prophet, who makes the play continually dramatic and interesting by providing a foil for Jeremiah. Mr. Brigham's previous training on the stage and his enthusiasm for modern religious ideas and ideals have fitted him well for the part he is undertaking.

The play "Jeremiah" is the work of Eleanor Wood Whitman, who for seven years taught Biblical history at Wellesley College, and who was previously a recognized minister of the society of Friends. She has shown the prophet Jeremiah as a natural, courageous, heroic, historic character willing to face scorn, derision, persecution, and final death, for the salvation of his beloved Judah.

Rev. William H. Gould of the Arlington Universalist Church has assumed the role of head of the publicity committee to inform all communions of details in connection with Jeremiah, and he will also be seen in the play.

Tickets held at Filene's Sons Store will be reserved for the church people of Boston until after April 24, when the general public may come in for what is left.

The play is given under the auspices of the Greater Boston Federation of Churches.

* *

Notices

* *

CONNECTICUT CONVENTION

The ninetieth annual session of the Connecticut Convention will be held in Norwich, Wednesday and Thursday, May 10 and 11. All friends of e faith in the state are cordially invited.

Theodore A. Fischer, Secretary.

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP CERTIFICATES

No. 1

Neatly printed in purple ink on best wedding stock; folds in envelope to match. Price 60 cents per dozen.

No. 2

Booklet form. Contains the Winchester Profession, Articles of Faith and the Covenant as recommended by the General Convention. In envelope. Price 15 cents per copy.

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Flowers from the Holy Land

These Are Real Flowers that Grew in the Sacred Soil of Palestine

These flowers are so dainty and pretty and have such deep historic significance that they are very appealing.

Six different varieties. Each flower mounted on a four-page folder with appropriate description and verses. **Especially appropriate as Easter gifts.**

Price 10 cents each

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

CHURCH SUPPLIES

Responsible Houses

and

Reliable Goods

CHURCH PEWS
MEMORIAL WINDOWS Get in touch with us for anything you may need in the above lines. We can satisfy you both in quality and price; and guarantee satisfaction. Send for our illustrated booklet and catalogue. The George W. Wise Company, 86 Federal Street, Boston, Mass.

Memorial Windows

ALFRED M. BELL COMPANY

79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

The Hosea Ballou Foundation has been established for Home Mission Work. One hundred thousand dollars are needed. Gifts and bequests solicited.

The Convention acts as Trustee for funds given or bequeathed to Local Parishes.

Funds may be given to the Convention, the giver to receive an Annuity, and, at his death, the money will be devoted to Universalist purposes.

For particulars address,

REV. GEORGE E. LEIGHTON, *Secretary,*
176 *Newbury St.,*
Boston, Mass.

Reports, Year Books, Programs

And all Printing worth Doing Well

WALLACE SPOONER

81-89 Bristol St., Boston, Mass.

Burdett College

18 Boylston St., Boston

A Modern School of Commerce

Courses: Business, Accountancy, Shorthand, Combined, Secretarial, Normal, Business Administration.

Founded 1889 **Send for Catalog.**

Offering Envelopes for Easter

Size 2 1-2 x 4 inches. Attractive design printed in colors. Price 40 cents per 100.

Order of

UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE

Educational

Tufts College

JOHN A. COUSENS

President

THE SCHOOL OF LIBERAL ARTS
JACKSON COLLEGE FOR WOMEN
THE ENGINEERING SCHOOL
THE GRADUATE SCHOOL
THE CRANE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
AND, IN BOSTON
THE MEDICAL AND DENTAL SCHOOLS

For catalogue, address the Dean of the respective department, or

The Registrar, Tufts College, Mass.

P. O. Address for the Medical and Dental Schools

416 Huntington Ave., Boston, Mass.

Dean Academy

FRANKLIN, MASS.

Dean Academy is an endowed boarding school for young men and young women, offering exceptional advantages for education in every department of broad culture. Its buildings are commodious and thoroughly equipped for school work and for home-like living. Its courses fit for any college or scientific school, and it has courses, also, fitting for practical life. A large corps of instructors, able and experienced. Courses in Music, Art, and Speaking under special instructors. The atmosphere of the school is homelike and helpful, and the spirit of the students is enthusiastic and loyal. A commodious gymnasium with competent instruction provides for the physical well-ebing. The school has a new Science building with well-equipped laboratories, a domestic science department for girls, admirably equipped, with an able instructor. Delightfully located in a clean and beautiful New England town. The income from a large fund is expended for the benefit of the pupils and makes the terms very reasonable. For catalogue address the Principal,

ARTHUR W. PEIRCE, Litt. D.,
Franklin, Mass.

Goddard Seminary

Barre, Vermont

An excellent co-educational boarding school delightfully situated in one of the best communities of the state.

Modern and adequate equipment.

A traditionally strong school spirit.

Carefully selected corps of capable teachers.

Thorough courses preparing for college.

Instruction in Elocution, Piano, Voice, Business and Languages by specialists.

Buildings in attractive condition. Visitors welcome.

Write for catalogue to

RUSSELL L. DAVISON, A. B., Principal.

Lombard College

GALESBURG, ILL.

The only Universalist College west of New York State

Lombard offers Academic, Scientific and Music courses leading to Bachelor degrees.

We invite correspondence with men and women contemplating a college course.

JOSEPH MAYO TILDEN, LL. D., *President.*

Ryder Universalist House

Divinity School Department of

LOMBARD COLLEGE

At University of Chicago

Write DEAN LEWIS B. FISHER
1365 East 60th St., Chicago, Ill.

Westbrook Seminary

Portland, Maine

offers

Broad courses for college preparatory or culture education. Special departments for commercial training, musical appreciation, and household management.

Graduate courses leading to degrees for young women who can not undertake a full college course.

A fine group of buildings splendidly situated. Unusual opportunity for young people to obtain rounded and normal development.

The highest possible standards at the lowest possible cost.

Address, ORLANDO K. HOLLISTER, Litt. D.

The St. Lawrence University

Canton, N. Y.

Dr. Richard Eddy Sykes, President

COLLEGE OF LETTERS AND SCIENCE

Courses leading to the Degrees of B. A. and B. S.
Edwin Lee Hulett, M. A., Dean

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of B. D.
Dr. John Murray Atwood, Dean.

BROOKLYN LAW SCHOOL

Courses leading to the Degree of LL. B.
Dr. Wm. Payson Richardson, Dean.

SCHOOL OF AGRICULTURE

Granting Certificates of Graduation.
Roland Hale Verbeck, B. S., Director

Crackling

Florida scientists claim to have found another lost race. Why don't they leave Bryan alone?—*Newspaper Enterprise Association.*

* *

Agent: "But, mum, it's a shame to let your husband's life insurance lapse."

Lady (over wash-tub): "I'll not pay another cent. I've paid regular fer eight years an' I've had no luck yet."—*The Traveler's Beacon.*

* *

An editor has been inspired, after looking over his list of delinquent subscribers, to compose the following: "How dear to our heart is the old silver dollar, when some kind subscriber presents it to view; the Liberty head without necktie or collar, and all the strange things which to us seem so new; the widespreading eagle, the arrows below it, the stars and the words with the strange things they tell; the coin of our fathers, we're glad that we know it, for some time or other 'twill come in right well; the spread-eagle dollar, the star-spangled dollar, the old silver dollar we all love so well."—*The Troy Times.*

* *

"If a man had put a hundred dollars in a savings bank twenty years ago," said the statistician after dinner, "it would amount to over two hundred dollars now, and he could buy almost as much for it now as he could have got for the original hundred at the time he began to save."—*New York Sun.*

* *

Little Louise was lost on the street and was brought into the police station. The officers tried in every way to learn her name. Finally one of the officers said, "What name does your mother call your father?"

"Why," said Louise, very innocently, "she don't call him any name; she likes him."—*Harper's Magazine.*

* *

Our idea of a first-class automobile salesman would be one who could sell Senator Newberry a Ford.—*Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch.*

* *

Son: "Papa, give me a nickel."

Papa: "Why, son, you're too big to be begging for nickels."

Son: "I guess you're right, papa, make it a dime."—*The Leatherneck (Washington).*

* *

She (petulantly): "Jack, you make love like an amateur."

He: "That's where the art comes in."—*Boston Transcript.*

* *

The *Literary Digest* publishes a British Empire number. For page after page we read and are impressed with the greatness of the British—and then there's a page of British "humor."—*New York Call.*

Easter Suggestions

Your minister needs books, and then more books, if he is going to do and be his best. Why don't *you* give him a book for an Easter gift?

Here are some he would like. We will mail them to you or to him on receipt of price.

A Student's Philosophy of Religion. William Kelly Wright, Assistant Professor of Philosophy in Dartmouth College. A practical answer to the question whether a liberally educated person can be a Christian, and if so what kind of Christian. Price, $3.75.

Reconstruction in Philosophy. John Dewey, Professor of Philosophy in Columbia University. A volume that summarizes the thought of the foremost American philosopher. Price, $1.60.

The Fundamentals of Christianity. Henry C. Vedder, Professor of Church History in Crozer Seminary. Professor Vedder insists that we have reached the parting of the ways between a historical Christianity based on Paul, such as the reactionaries declare, and a prophetic Christianity that will determine its doctrines, program and methods on the authority of Jesus alone. Price, $2.00.

Creative Christianity. George Cross, Professor in Rochester Theological Seminary. An attempt to outline the reshaping of the forms of historic Christianity to fit the changed and changing inner life of our own age. Price, $1.50.

The Spirit. A symposium edited by Canon Streeter. In England a group of the best scientists, publicists and churchmen are collectively thinking through the great problems of religion in terms of modern life. This volume deals with the relation of God and man. Price, $2.25.

The Prophetic Ministry for To-day. Charles D. Williams, Bishop of the Diocese of Michigan. No more stimulating and suggestive volume for minister and layman alike has recently appeared. Price, $1.50.

The Untried Door. Richard Roberts, minister of the American Church, Montreal, Canada. This book is a challenge to those who do not believe in the reality of Christianity and a trumpet call to those who do. Price, $1.25.

The Study of American History. James Bryce. The author of "The American Commonwealth" has here gathered the ripe and sympathetic observations of a half century into a little volume that every thoughtful American should read. Price, $1.50.

Preaching in London. Joseph Fort Newton, minister of the Church of the Divine Paternity. The thrilling record of a great experience. Dr. Newton was our spiritual ambassador to England at a time that tried every human spirit to the utmost. Price, $1.50.

Send us your order at once to ensure Easter delivery.

Universalist Publishing House

176 Newbury St. Boston, Mass.